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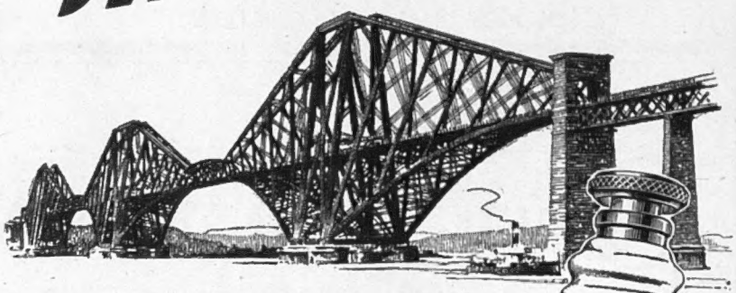

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Volume CLXXIII No. 2263 The SPHERE, London, June 5, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE KING MEETS THE DAM-BUSTERS: At a Lancaster station of the R.A.F. His Majesty closely examines reconnaissance pictures. Behind him is Wing Commander Gibson, awarded the V.C. for his leadership in the attack on the Ruhr dams

When the King and Queen visited a Lancaster station in the North of England on May 27, they met members of the crews which carried out the spectacular and successful attacks on the Ruhr Valley dams. The man who led the attack, Wing Commander G. P. Gibson, was awarded the V.C. for this feat. He was present during the King's visit, and he showed their Majesties the miniature models which the crews had studied for weeks before the attack. Wing Commander Gibson is only twenty-four years of age : as he already held the D.S.O. and Bar and D.F.C. and Bar, the Air Ministry state that he is now the most highly decorated man of this war ! In the picture above the King is bending down to inspect one of the reconnaissance pictures through a stereoscope : in addition to the Wing Commander are other officers who took part in the great raid. The crews of the eleven Lancasters who returned of the eighteen which set out were later reviewed by the King in front of the plane in which Wing Commander Gibson led the attack

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 196

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Even Some Nazis . . .— It seems that even some Nazis have been a little embarrassed by Dr. Goebbels' last propaganda wriggles in the great campaign for "humaner" warfare. Memory may be (must be) as short as you please in a Dictator State, but even so it is sometimes long enough to recall events two years old, and there are Nazis alive who do still embarrassingly remember Warsaw, Rotterdam, Coventry, Plymouth, London. . . . Dr. Goebbels did not expect such liveliness, any more than the Caudillo expected that there might be Spaniards alive to remember the less humane details of the Civil War and its settlement, or than the Duce expected that Italians might recall some signal instances of lack of humanity in the forging of the late Italian Empire and of public enthusiasm for the blitzing of London. And, as a result, the bleats of the wolves have fallen flat and attained a new low record—a nadir—of dignity, and a new record in futility; and the peace-kites of Spain have by orders had their frayed strings cut, to be blown into the air with other dust and rubbish of war. Who began it? Who dared first to outrage God and man with the bestialities of sadism and the torture of humanity? Does any nation on earth honestly demand proofs, dates, chapter and verse? Is there a case to be tried in the Law Courts of Civilisation? The blood-guiltiness of Germany rises and swells to Heaven, and every whine and whimper and self-justification raises it higher, and high above the smoke from their ruined factories and centres of world destruction.

"Humane" War Kites.— When a neutral Power looks down its nose at the combatants in a world war, and, lumping them all together as crude barbarians drunk with the wine of vengeance and destruction, urges them to ban and outlaw the last bestiality of war, the bombing of populous and beautiful cities, it is proper to examine that neutral's status, motives and sincerity. The German people are painfully learning, twenty-five years after the rest of civilisation learned it, that war is all evil and cannot pay, however hopeful the chances of a quick victory (and the Japanese will soon learn it). It is for us to-day to examine two matters: what is the status necessary for a neutral Power, before it can reasonably offer itself as an intervener, to urge the instant banning of this barbarity? And what conditions may the air-dominant combatants fairly demand of their enemies before they yield to the neutral Power's plea? First, the neutral intervening Power must "come with clean hands." Its own record of humanity in war must be clean. Since the lessons of the war of 1914-18, it must have in its own national history no page stained with cruelty and brutality in war. Second, it must be impartial. It must have no record of persistent bias in favour of the victory of one side. It must not have openly insulted and wished for the defeat of the other side. And, thirdly, it must make it clear that its intervention is not the result of backstair diplomatic appeals from the combatants now suffering most from bombing. And, fourthly, it must not hedge on the question of which side was responsible for starting the juggernaut brutality of the present war. It must study the evidence and pronounce on it. And what conditions precedent in the hearts of their enemies would to-day justify the Allies in yielding to the plea of an intervener (with clean hands) to outlaw bombing now? First, a frank admission of that enemy's guilt. Guilt in starting and engineering the war, guilt in initiating each obscenity of barbarity and cruelty in methods of waging it. Second, the fixing of the responsibility for these nameless crimes on the leaders responsible in their countries' policy and practice, together with a solemn covenant to overthrow, destroy or hand over to justice those arch-criminals at the earliest possible moment. And, thirdly, an undertaking to clear the cities, which they would like to preserve from destruction, of any and every individual or works engaged in prosecuting by any means this outrage on mankind, returning to their own countries all foreign slave-labourers! These are hard conditions both for the intervener and for the suffering enemy Powers to meet. They give the measure of the weakness of the present peace-kites, which are contemptible as futile, as suspect as disingenuous.

COMBINED COMMANDOS: A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A COMMANDO TRAINING DEPOT IN BRITAIN WHERE BRITISH COMMANDOS AND U.S. RANGERS ARE TRAINING TOGETHER FOR THE BIG TASKS WHICH LIE AHEAD

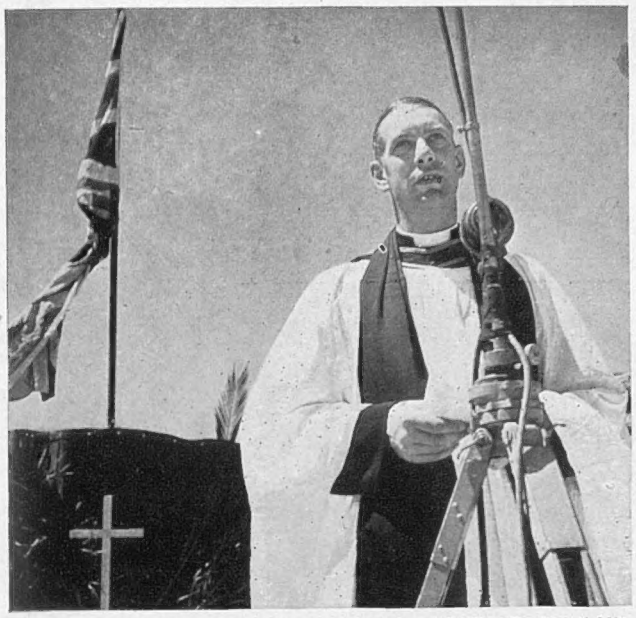
It will be remembered that, in his Address to Congress, Mr. Churchill stressed the remarkable manner in which the two great English-speaking nations are co-operating, particularly in the military sphere. In the picture, British and American officers are seen with Lieut.-Col. Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C., Acting Deputy Commander of a Brigade: The names in the front row (left to right) are: Lieut. Swisher, U.S. (from Evanston, Illinois); Major M. Danning-White; Major W. C. La T. Cockcraft; Lieut.-Col. D. Mills-Roberts, D.S.O., M.C.; Capt. Lloyd M. Marr, U.S. (from La Mesa, Texas); Lieut.-Col. Lord Lovat, D.S.O., M.C.; the Lieut.-Colonel Commanding Officer of the Depot; Capt. Ernst, U.S. (from York Village, Maine); Capt. A. Cowieson; Capt. G. B. Hoare; Lieut. McNabb, U.S. (from Bertram, Texas)

Exit Third International.— The Third International—the Comintern—is a thing of the past, an item of political history, dead as Marx's International or the Holy Alliance, but leaving, as all such matters leave, its effect on the trends, contemporary or to come, of political thought in Europe and civilisation. I have learned the necessary "three lines" about this Third International only since its death. While it lived, I really knew nothing about it. It is often so. It did not *worry* me. No doubt I am *insular*. I have always persuaded myself that Communism, as a political or economic theory, did not suit the temper and character of our race. I have never believed a Communist Party would grow to man's estate in our islands. I felt the same about Mosley's blackshirts. We shall always shout from tubs—it is our way of letting off steam and avoiding bloody revolutions, and Nelson's plinth will still in years to come spout wordy revolution and cry havoc to our ancient constitution and traditions. But we shall go neither black, nor red, nor brown, nor white. We shall remain, like our island's traditional aura, a soft grey; a comfortable, tolerant atmosphere to live in, and one which harmonises with the "Englishman's Castle." But Britain is, if not unique, at least politically "rare and refreshing." The death of the Comintern was hailed as something very big and important in America, where labour troubles are bitterly experienced and much of the bitterness has been attributed in the past to the machinations of the Third International's overseas services. Whether rightly or wrongly so attributed, I judge that Stalin's decision is the proof of the pudding of his experience of many years and not a politico-military expedient *ad hoc*. I think his experience of twenty years has convinced him that nations are best left to work out their own political salvation and that democracies may, after all, prove very good neighbours to Communist republics, and that even in "capitalism" there may be the germs of common sense, and ideas worth grafting on to the stem of newer political theories. The theory of Fascist totalitarianism, with all its hideous features, is the only deadly germ in the body of civilisation. In France and in various Balkan countries this Comintern business has played a considerable role, and its demise has been hailed in varying degrees of relief or approval or dismay. Its death is thought to have cleared the air in Europe. In Germany, of course, the decision has been jeered at as a barefaced political expedient, a diplomatic chicanery, a surrender of a principle to the needs of a weakened Russia, requiring the material assistance of Jewish and capitalist allies *pro tem*. That is natural enough. Goebbels, like Demetrius, that merchant in the Bible, did a good trade with those little silver shrines for Diana of the Ephesians, and now this profitable line is axed, and he must find another. He will.

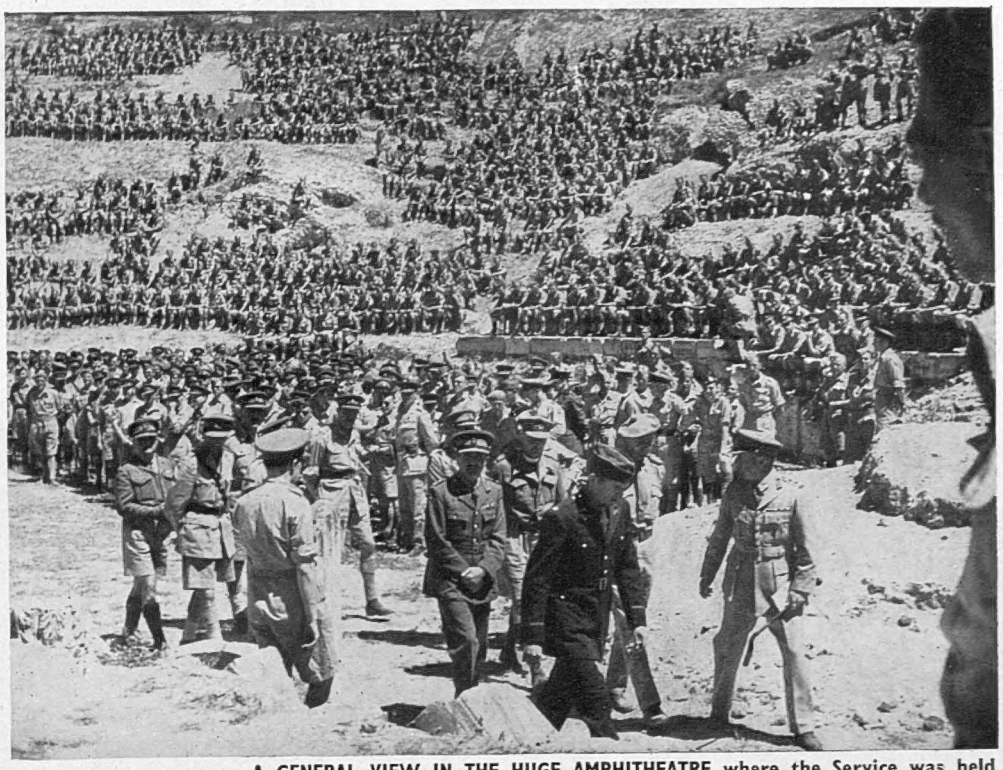
Abuse of Hospitality.— The doings of Allied governments and Allied foreign organisations which enjoy the hospitality of this country are a field of discussion clearly marked "Keep off the grass." A week or two back I put a discreet toe—no more—over the guard rail. But it is reasonable to stress the dangers of heady and irresponsible propaganda designed to further individual aspirations and national aims which is clearly pouring out in many a foreign news-sheet and circular (and some British) printed in Britain. I suffer from them by post. I am pestered with Balkan national propaganda, crude, petty, sorry stuff; and sometimes with British "party" propaganda. As Mr. Morrison shrewdly observed: this propaganda is going both ways. Some trounce one government, some another. And there are British, licensed trouble-makers who join in to trounce this Allied leader or that; to jeer, to condemn, to stultify Allied effort and to sow dissension in the ranks. This hornet's nest is, indeed, for urgent attention and liquidation by the Home Secretary and by Mr. Bracken. We British rely largely enough on words, and heady words. But we are austere in comparison with some of the European nations who have governments and institutions now enjoying our hospitality, and abusing it. Personally, I see no great difference in degree between this abuse by foreign governments and that of a refugee guest given hospitality in my house, who uses my notepaper to stir up trouble in my village. As for the British trouble-making publicists, I should evoke the appropriate Defence Regulation paragraph, to clip their wings and profits from journalism. Some of them will say anything if the fee per thousand words be tempting enough. It is with a great sum that we are paying for this freedom to spill ink. Millions of men and women and children are spilling a redder liquid.

Magdalen Tower.— On May 29, the absolute perfection of an English summer day, they played carillons and rang peals from Magdalen Tower all the lovely afternoon. It was happy good fortune that took me to Oxford that day. It was parental duty (or doting) that sent me punting on the Cher, with a small schoolboy, among the meadows and backwaters which belong to Wolsey's Foundation, while that magic music of the bells drowned the musical and magic air, and washed away the bitterness of four years of destruction and atrophy. The river was full of craft, paddled or punted by young men and women of the Services, all in varying degrees of "undress" (from an inch or two of cotton round the middle, "upwards"); and the water-meadows were as golden and the watermanship as frail as ever they were when last I lay on the bosom of the Cher three-and-thirty years ago. If the streets of Oxford have undergone war changes not for the better, within the College grey walls I found no changes. Still they are self-contained units, directed by self-contained thinkers and organisers; still the lawns of the gardens are smooth with 400 years of rolling, and the towers' and spires of the city of enchantment dream in a mist of grey under a sky howsoever blue. The Home of Lost Causes? To one as war-worn spiritually and bodily as I, the Causes of Oxford seemed the only causes which never *were* and never should be lost. THE OLD STAGER

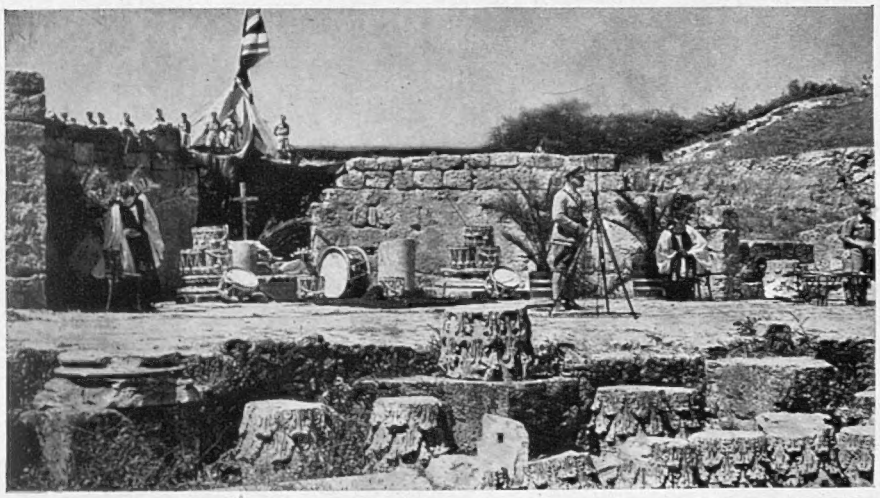
THANKSGIVING AT CARTHAGE



LIEUT.-COLONEL THE REV. J. L. STEELE, ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN-GENERAL, at the microphone during the First Army's Thanksgiving Service held amidst the ruins of Carthage

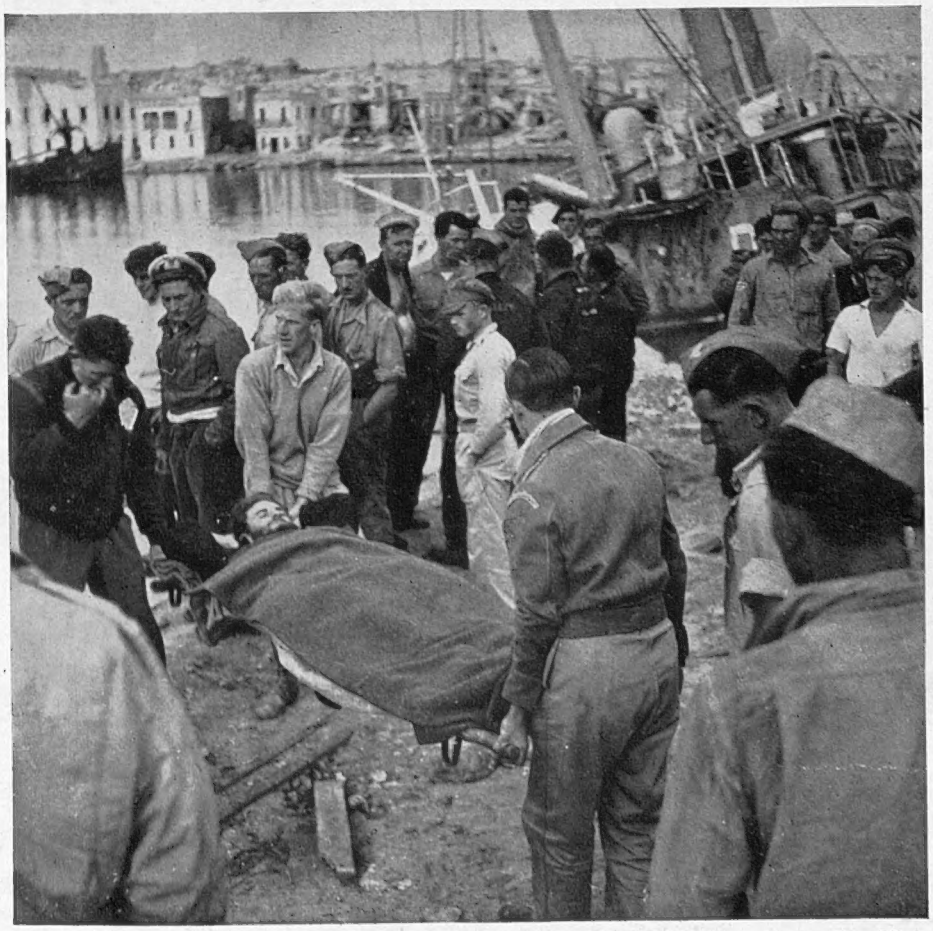


A GENERAL VIEW IN THE HUGE AMPHITHEATRE where the Service was held near Tunis. Senior officers leaving after the Thanksgiving



GENERAL ANDERSON READING THE LESSON FROM THE STAGE OF THE AMPHITHEATRE : Amidst the ancient ruins of historic Carthage, near Tunis, the First Army and its leader, General Anderson, gathered for a Service of Thanksgiving after their North African victory. The Service was conducted by the Assistant Chaplain-General, Lieut.-Colonel the Rev. J. L. Steele, assisted by the Deputy Assistant Chaplain, Lieut.-Colonel the Rev. V. J. Pike. The Band and Choir were from the Anti-Tank Regiment. General Anderson—who read the Lesson—sat among his senior officers before the improvised altar : behind him, tier upon tier, were the men under his command, with whom he had achieved the biggest victory of the war so far

THE BAND OF THE ANTI-TANK REGIMENT, which provided the music during the Thanksgiving Service in the Roman Amphitheatre at Carthage



MALTA-BASED M.T.B.S PREVENT AN AXIS "DUNKIRK" IN NORTH AFRICA : Lieut. Tim Bligh being carried ashore with slight burns to his legs after his gallant part in frustrating the seaward escape of the Nazis from North Africa

SURVIVORS OF LIEUT. TIM BLIGH'S BOAT ON THE DECK OF ANOTHER M.T.B. : During the final phase of the victorious Allied North African campaign, British M.T.B.s, based on Malta, played their part in stopping enemy attempts at evacuation. Night after night the patrols crept in to within a few hundred yards of the enemy-held coastline and lay in wait for any craft that might attempt to evacuate enemy troops. The boats met with numerous adventures and on one or two occasions ran aground and came under enemy fire—but they succeeded in preventing an enemy "Dunkirk" and took numerous prisoners. During a patrol, one of the boats crept in-shore and got jammed on a sandbank. The crew leaped out and endeavoured to force it off. By this time the shore batteries had discovered them and opened fire. Realising it was impossible to get the boat off, the captain, Lieut. Tim Bligh, ordered the crew to swim to another M.T.B. He stayed aboard to empty a couple of gallons of octane for'ard and then fired two four-star cartridges into it. The force of the explosion blew him off the bridge, burning his legs. He was finally picked up by another boat

VICTORY PARADE in TUNIS

And Other New Pictures of the Operations Now Successfully Brought to a Close

Left—**PIPERS OF THE 51st HIGHLAND DIVISION IN THE VICTORY PARADE IN TUNIS :** *Right*—**A BRITISH GUARDS REGIMENT MARCHING IN THE SAME PARADE.** This was held in the Tunisian capital on May 20, when units from all the Allied forces marched through the town. All the Allied Commanders were present, and the salute was taken by Generals Eisenhower, Alexander, Anderson and Giraud

GENERAL EISENHOWER, ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL GIRAUD, leaves for the saluting base. The former has been Supreme Commander of the Allied forces in North Africa since the landings. General Giraud is head of the Government

GENERAL ALEXANDER WITH AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR CONINGHAM at the Tunis airport for the Victory Parade. The General is the strategist who planned the Tunisian campaign : the Air Marshal commanded the Tactical Air Force

GENERAL ALEXANDER, WITH GENERAL CATROUX (Fighting French representative in Algiers), prepares to leave the airport after the Victory Parade. Recently General Catroux spent much time in Algiers arranging for the present meeting between Generals Giraud and de Gaulle

ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM WITH VICE-ADMIRAL HEWITT, of the U.S. Navy. The former had command of all the Allied fleets during the landings and throughout the subsequent operations. Admiral Hewitt was in command of the American vessels taking part in the North African campaign

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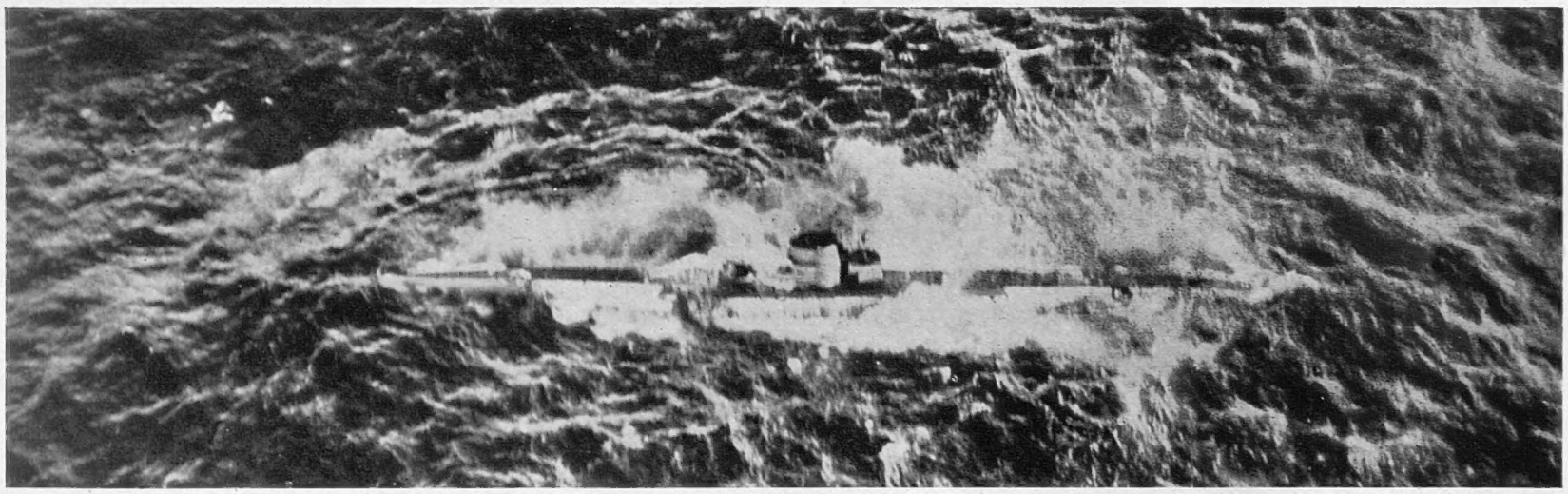
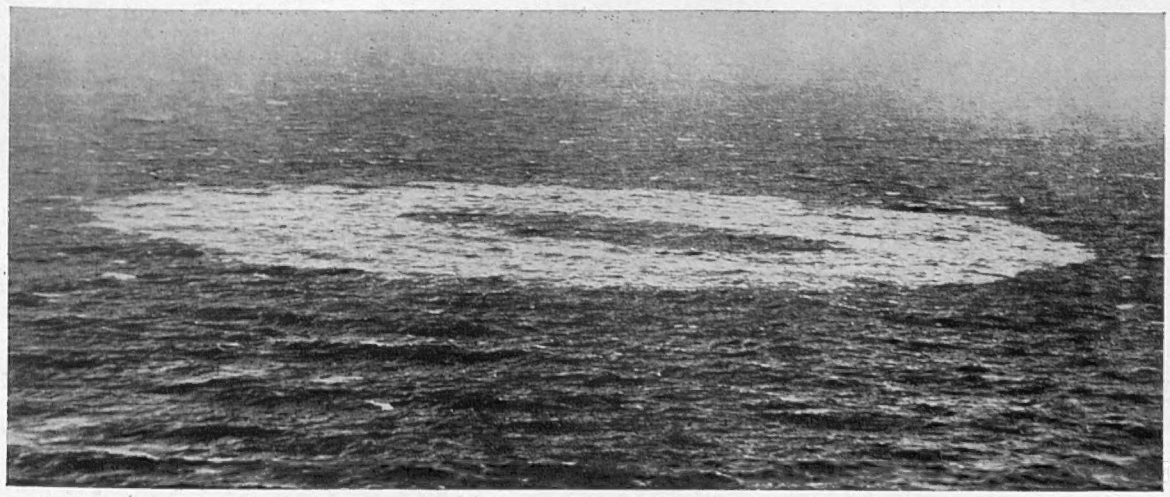
FIVE U-BOATS SUNK IN TEN DAYS!

1. DEPTH-CHARGES FROM SUNDERLAND "P" straddling a U-boat which had been partially disabled by a previous attack and unable to crash-dive. The wake shows that the U-boat is still capable of considerable surface speed, but unable to evade the Sunderland's attack. It was ultimately "killed"

2. THE SECOND ATTACK ON THE U-BOAT. The Sunderland banks steeply, turning to come in again, even whilst its first stick of depth-charges explode. The second stick straddled the submarine, and it then began to settle by the stern, whilst the crew jumped into the water

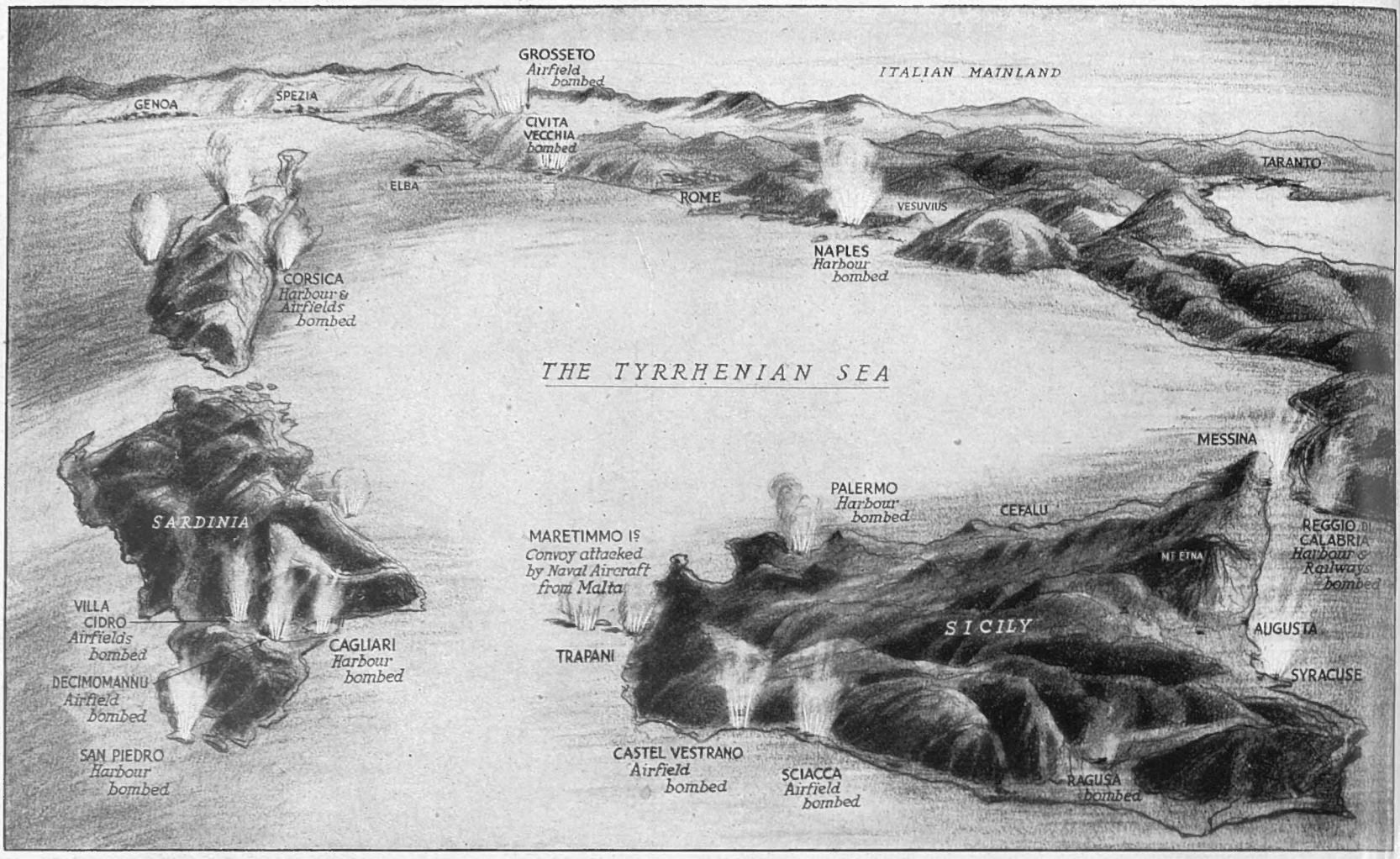


3. COASTAL COMMAND AIRCRAFT WITNESS THE DEATH OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE IN THE ATLANTIC: After the dropping of depth-charges from the air, vapour rises from the U-boat and water pours out of its port side as the vesel blows its tanks in an effort to maintain an even keel. Five U-boats were destroyed in this way during ten days of intensive hunting by aircraft



4. THE END OF STILL ANOTHER UNDERWATER VESSEL. The tell-tale patch of oil on the sea's surface after the attack by Coastal Command aircraft and after the U-boat had made its last dive to destruction

Aircraft of Coastal Command destroyed five U-boats in ten days during a recent period of intensive submarine activity in the Atlantic. As the German submarines sank, survivors provided the aircraft crews with evidence of the destruction caused by their depth-charges. In all the five attacks, the U-boats attempted to give battle on the surface with their guns, but the aircraft which reported the "kills" pressed home their assaults, only two of them being slightly damaged in the actions. One of the attacks took place in the Bay of Biscay, when an Australian Sunderland sighted a submarine ten miles away. The Nazis opened up with light A.-A. and machine-gun fire, but the big flying-boat was not hit and dropped its first stick of depth-charges across the U-boat aft of the conning-tower. Apparently seriously damaged, the vessel gradually stopped, listing badly to port. A second stick of depth-charges straddled the submarine, and it began to settle by the stern. The U-boat's crew started to jump into the water; then the submarine's stern sunk and its bow reappeared twice at a sharp angle before finally going under. Large air bubbles were seen two or three minutes after the attack, and several sailors were also observed in the water



A RING OF FIRE AROUND THE TYRRHENIAN SEA : The area bounded by Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica and the Italian mainland, where the Allied air domination now seems to be absolute—*Drawing by Percy Home*

ONSLAUGHT ON ITALY

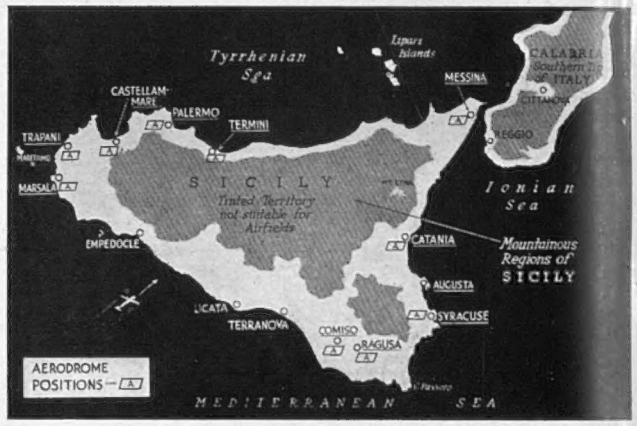
Where the Blows are Now Falling ; And Where They Might Fall in the Future

—With Special Drawings and Diagrams

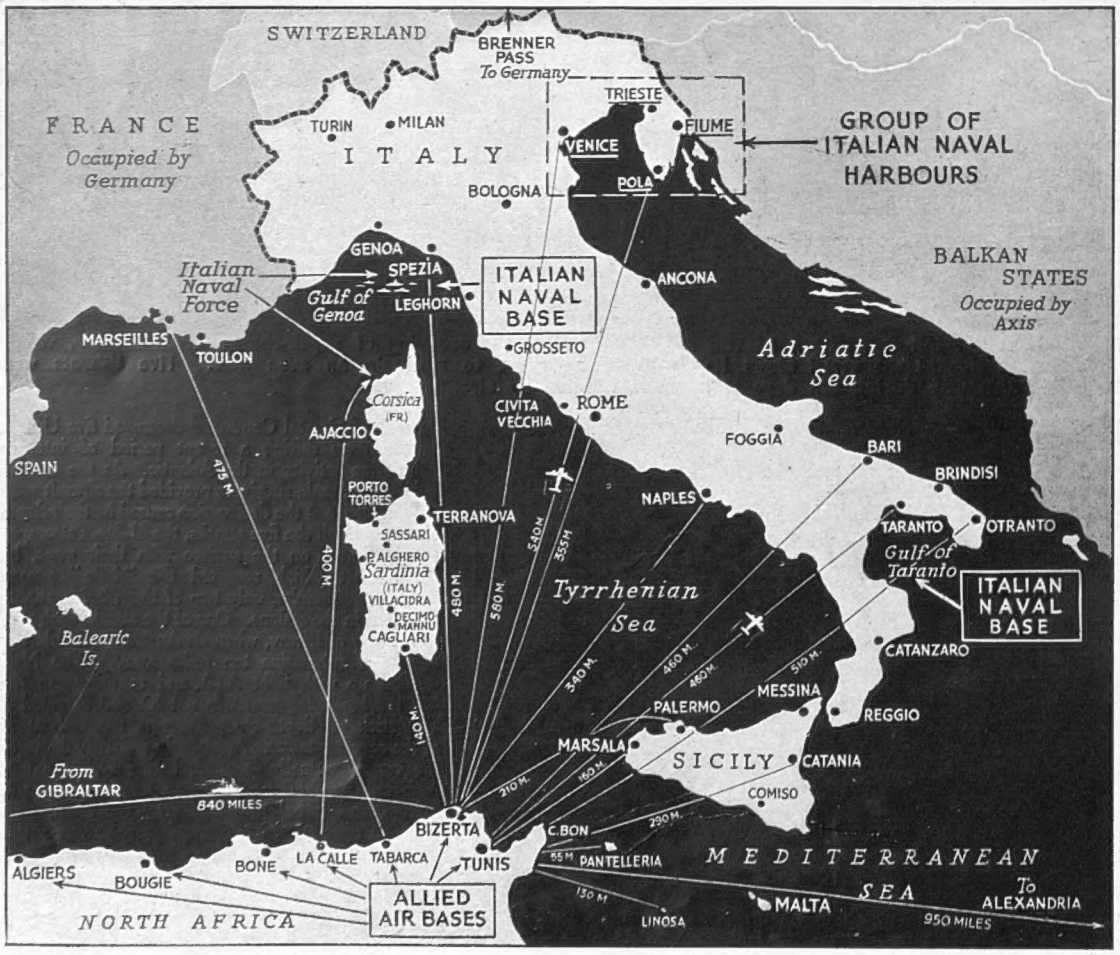
The area now under the heaviest attack from the air is encircled by the Italian islands and mainland, and by French-owned, but Italian-occupied, Corsica. The Tyrrhenian Sea flanks Italy on the west, as does the Adriatic on the east. Allied aircraft have been streaming out from their bases in North Africa, Malta and the Middle East and making for the enemy airfields in Sicily and Sardinia ; but Corsica, and even places farther afield on the mainland, have not been neglected. Grosseto airfield, for instance, 90 miles north-west of Rome, was heavily attacked with fragmentation bombs ; and of the 59 aircraft on the ground, 58 were destroyed.

The destruction of aircraft on the ground was, indeed, the more spectacular of the effects wrought by the attacking squadrons. At Castel Vestrano, some of the big Axis six-engined transport planes have been knocked out, at an airfield where enemy aircraft were seen to be crowding the tarmac and dispersal areas. At Sciacca, 41 aircraft were destroyed on the ground.

The losses of the *Luftwaffe* in the air during their attempted defence of the stricken area were considerable ; it seems as if their aircraft might have to retire altogether, to avoid total destruction !



WHERE THE PRINCIPAL AIRFIELDS ARE LOCATED IN SICILY. These fringe the island's shores, as the mountain masses in the interior are not suitable for flying operations



WHERE THE PRINCIPAL AIRFIELDS ARE LOCATED IN SICILY. These fringe the island's shores, as the mountain masses in the interior are not suitable for flying operations

The capture of Tunis and Bizerta, and the subsequent elimination of all enemy control on the southern shores of the Mediterranean, have materially altered the tactical situations in both halves of the great waterway between Gibraltar and Alexandria. A string of harbours—Tobruk, Derna, Benghazi, Tripoli, Sfax, and now Tunis and Bizerta—makes the operations of the Navy a much more comfortable affair than would have been thought possible a few months ago. The Gulf of Tunis will be a welcome addition as naval harbourage ; it may be some little time before the naval base at Bizerta comes into full use, for the recent activities of Allied bombers inevitably affected its subsequent use for ourselves.

The acquisition of these harbours, linked with the possibility of providing practically continuous air escort, should now make it possible to run convoys through the Mediterranean without the desperate risk hitherto encountered. The re-opening of the great peacetime highway will naturally entail adjustments in the defensive units, but the saving of time over the long, tedious route via the Cape stands out as a welcome asset which the Tunisian victory has gained for us. Fuel expenditure is at once cut down and the amount of cargo carried by one ship in one year is tremendously increased.

It will be obvious, however, that if any efficient air force of the enemy can still operate from Sicilian aerodromes there would remain the danger of a sudden air attack on a passing convoy in the Sicilian Narrows. The shelter of the southern shore and land batteries would materially reduce the dangers from aerial bombing. It would appear from the massed battering which the Allied air forces have been delivering upon almost every danger-point in the whole Sicilian area that the Sicilian Narrows may in a short time be almost wholly cleared from enemy interference in the air

On left—**THE CHANGED NAVAL AND AIR SITUATION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. The control of the North African coastline throughout its entire length has brought about a great improvement in the state of affairs in the hitherto dangerous Sicilian Narrows** (see *notes above*)

"AN ITALIAN CREW MANNING A GUN WHICH IS PART OF ITALY'S COASTAL DEFENCES." Italy has been reported to be at work along many parts of her vulnerable coastline, feverishly trying to repair the negligence of past months, when she thought that conquests would fall into her lap without having to fight for them! Pictures like this are now being published throughout Italy, as much to reassure the faint-hearted as to scare any possible invaders!

THE ITALIAN NAVY TO-DAY

Apart from the air situation discussed on the facing page, there remains the problem of the possible activities of the surviving units of the Italian Navy. This once proud force has been seriously reduced in fighting capacity by attacks both from the Navy and the Naval Air Arm. Serious losses were encountered in the notable Matapan night engagement and the torpedo air attacks on Italian naval craft in Taranto harbour.

It would appear that the Italian Navy had determined upon a defensive role. The vessels were reported to have been split into two main sections, one taking refuge in Taranto harbour, a position which must be regarded as uncomfortably near to Allied air bases, and the other at the more distantly removed naval base of Spezzia.

Doubtless certain craft are still retained in the Adriatic, which the Italians have regarded for some time past as a *mare clausum*. This is a curious turn of fate that the Italian naval command has had possession of the harbours and island-protected waterways of the eastern shore which she has so long desired to possess. Since the days of Salandra and Giolitti, Italy has always actively sought to gain control, not only of the narrow thread of islands and ports with which she had historic connections for many centuries, but also the hinterlands which dominate those delectable harbours. It was, indeed, an unfortunate geo-physical circumstance that her eastern seaboard was a low, flat, sandy shore extending in an almost unbroken sweep from Venice to Brindisi.

Italy's naval experts gave much thought to this matter, and at the end of the last war certain of the strategic points specially coveted were granted to her, notably the Istrian peninsula, with Pola and Fiume, the port of Zara, with a semi-circle of territory around it, and the Curzolan group of islands. The experts divided the defence into two areas, one at the north, which included the whole of the Istrian and Dalmatian territory up to the natural divide. Towards the south they arranged the defence in the form of a triangle, with its base resting on Curzola and Gargano, where a hill mass breaks the comparative lowness of the western shores. The apex of the triangle stretched down to the Narrows between Brindisi and Vallona, another harbour much coveted by Italy, which was doubtless one of the main spurs which led her to the Albanian adventure.

The entrance to the Adriatic, it will be recalled, was held by a special naval force. How the Italians will guard the Home water remains to be seen. We have had recent evidence of the manner in which vessels of the Allied navies are thrusting and prowling right up on to her very doorstep.

THE ITALIAN FLEET AND THE ADRIATIC: Showing the two defence areas into which it has been split up. Within the upper portion, Italy has a strong concentration of warships: the lower portion is still open to attack by Allied vessels, as its entrance is too deep for nets or barrages (See *notes at left*)

"THE FORTRESS OF EUROPE" AND THE MOUNTAIN BARRIERS WHICH FACE THE INVADING FORCES. This graphic representation of the principal ranges which must be surmounted on the "under-belly" shows that the task of invasion is not one to be lightly undertaken

Immediately after their defeat in Tunisia, the Germans threw out a smoke-screen of propaganda intended to create the impression that, whatever happened outside Europe, the "Fortress" was impregnable. Immense bastions of cement, we were told, had been erected around the shores of the occupied countries which might be the scene of attempted invasions by the Allies; neutral journalists were taken to see certain works already in existence. It may be taken as certain that there must have been carefully shepherded expeditions. It is difficult to determine just how much the enemy may have attempted in this way with his gangs of forced labour, but it is possible to survey the problem with the aid of orographical maps: the flat sketch maps which are usually employed may be quite misleading, as distances from point to point mean nothing if the terrain in between is not examined. A study of a relief map, on the other hand, reveals that the "under-belly" of Europe is somewhat horny! It is studded with mountain ranges which must give our strategists much material for thought. In the drawing above, these mountain ranges are shown as "walls" which offer many problems to an invading force armed with all the impedimenta of modern warfare

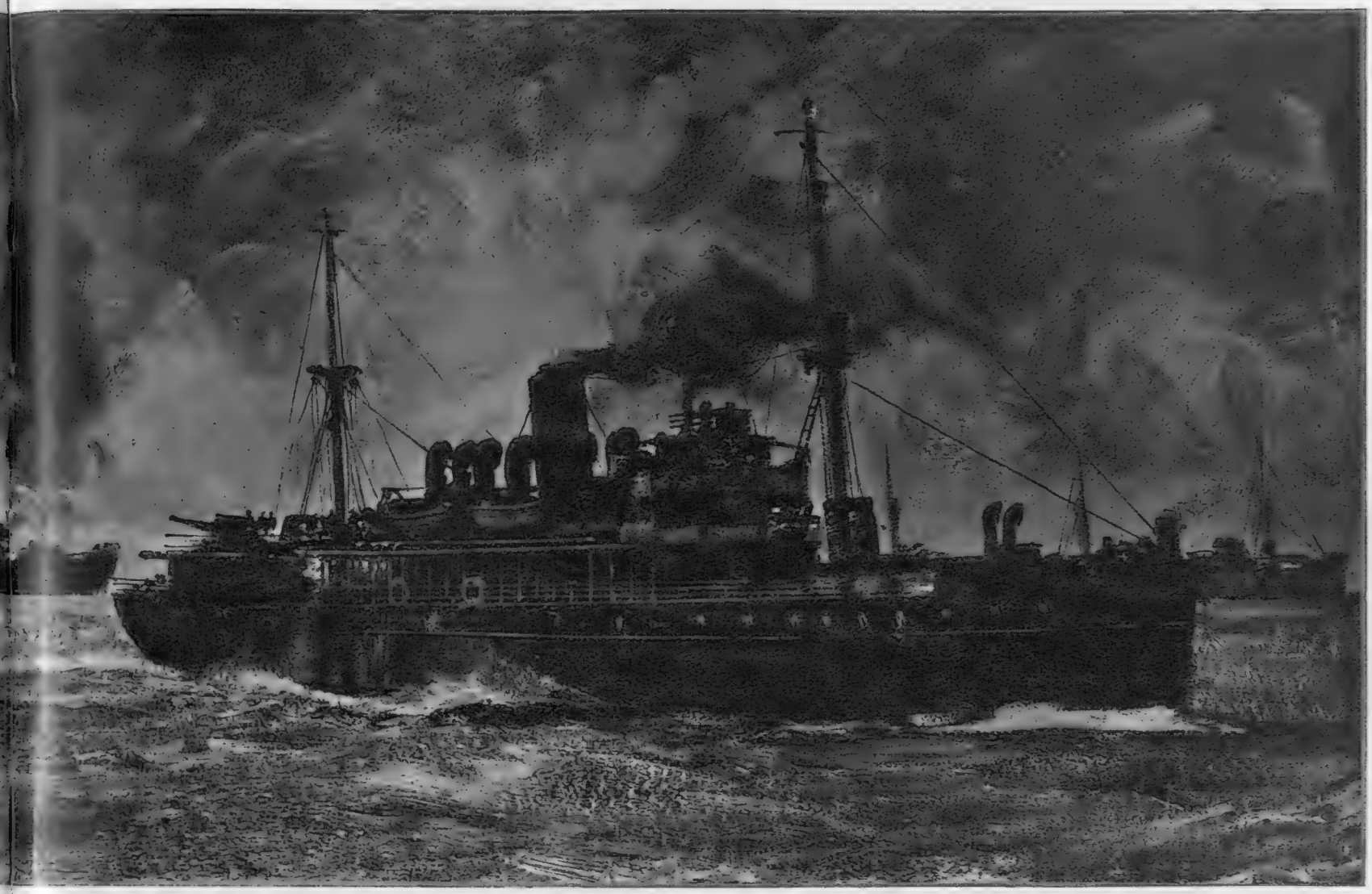
WHEN A U-BOAT PACK ATTACKS A CONVOY

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

GUNS UNDER THE WHITE ENSIGN: A picture taken on the deck of a British destroyer which has been convoying American Liberty ships to North Africa. The supplies of men, food and material, escorted on the surface by the Royal Navy, have also been escorted in the air by British and American planes

A CONVOY UNDER ATTACK, I.—"THE HUNTING OF THE U-BOATS MUST BE ANOTHER VESSEL TORPEDOED AND HEAR THE CRIES OF MEN STRUGGLING

A CONVOY UNDER ATTACK, II.—"ONCE AN ATTACK HAS BEEN MADE, DARKNESS IS NO LONGER AN ADVANTAGE TO THE DEFENCE. IT HELPS THE U-BOATS TO CONVOY BEGAN TO SEND UP PARACHUTE FLARES. . . . WE ALL KEPT SENDING THEM UP UNTIL DOZENS WERE SUSPENDED IN THE SKY AND



LEFT TO THE ESCORT VESSELS. THE MERCHANTMEN MUST KEEP THEIR STATIONS IN THE CONVOY AND PLOD ON THROUGH THE DARKNESS. . . . EVEN IF THEY SEE IN THE WATER, THERE IS NOTHING THEY CAN DO. THE WORK OF RESCUE MUST BE LEFT TO OTHERS. THE CONVOY MUST GO ON "—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

ESCAPE. SO THE ORDERS ARE TO TURN NIGHT INTO DAY. EVERY SHIP IN THE THE SEA WAS LIT UP FOR MILES "—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

"You must know something about convoys to imagine how repeated night attacks by packs of U-boats test the strongest nerves and the stoutest hearts," writes Mr. Leslie Randall, *Evening Standard* war correspondent, who recently made the Atlantic crossing out and home in a freighter in convoy. "Ships in convoy sail in parallel columns. The flanks are the most vulnerable to attack. The convoy formation is, therefore, of great breadth but little depth.

"The position allocated to each ship is announced at the conference which is held before the convoy sails. Most sailors consider the outside positions are the most dangerous, although it does not always work out in that way. There is one inflexible rule. The convoy never turns back. And the ships never scatter except in obedience to orders in a dire emergency. The best speed of a freighter convoy rarely exceeds 10 or 11 knots. The latest U-boats have a speed of some 20 knots on the surface. When, therefore, a convoy is located by a wolf-pack it has little chance of throwing off pursuit. The U-boats can remain out of sight by day and press home attacks under cover of darkness.

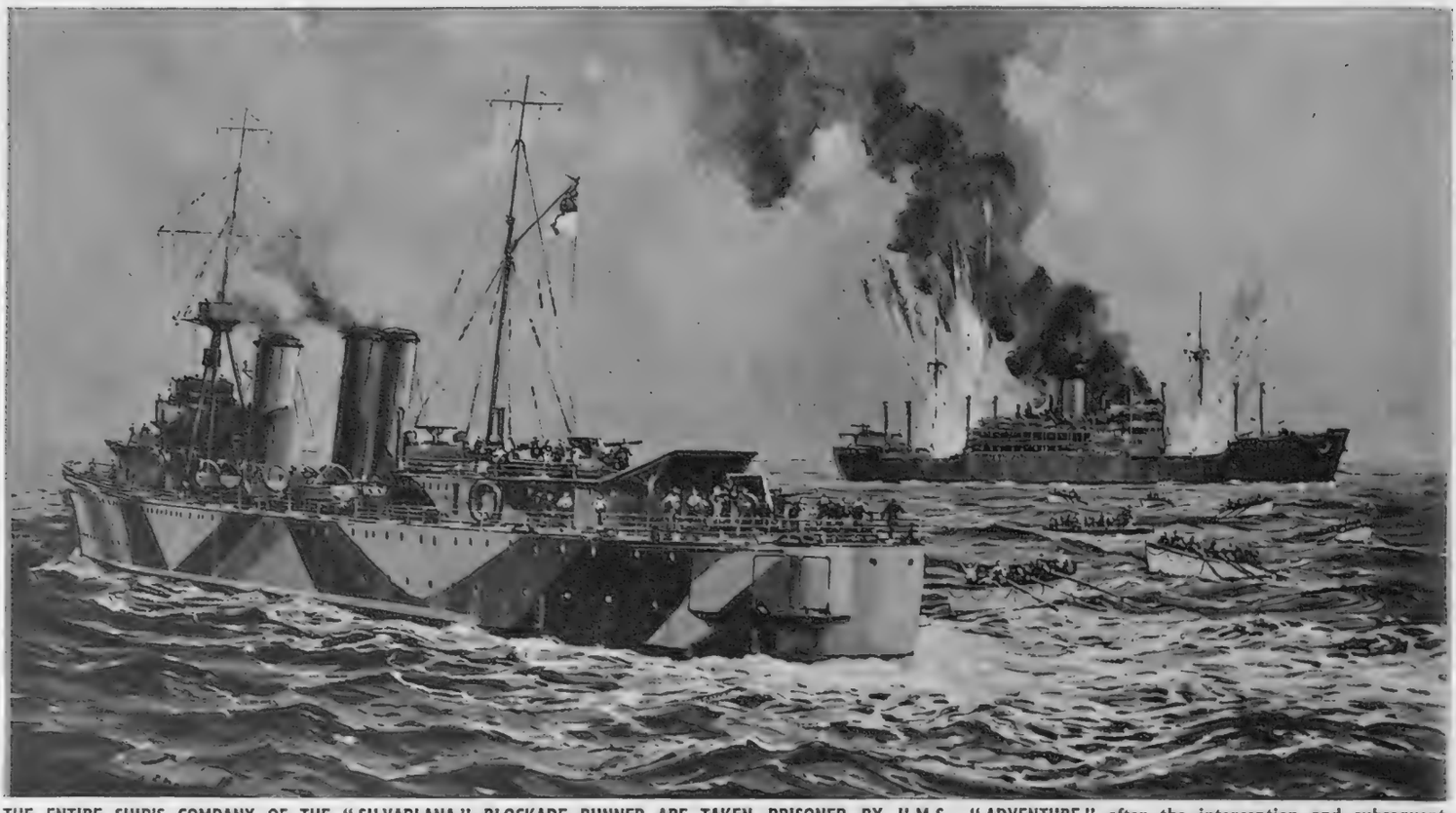
"This may continue night after night. The hunting of the U-boats must be left to the escort vessels. The merchantmen must keep their stations in the convoy and plod off

LIBERATORS VERSUS THE U-BOATS. A Coastal Command aircraft keeps a rendezvous with an Atlantic convoy. As the sun comes out for a moment, it throws its warming rays on a tanker bringing fuel to Britain

through the darkness. The crews will be at their posts, tense and ready for action, knowing that at any moment there may be the shattering explosion of a torpedo and a gaping hole in the hull of their ship. Even if they see another vessel torpedoed and hear the cries of men struggling in the water, there is nothing they can do. The work of rescue must be left to others. The convoy must go on.

"Once an attack has been made, darkness is no longer an advantage to the defence. It helps the U-boats to escape. So the orders are to turn night into day. Every ship in the convoy began to send up parachute flares. They are like the ones you see dropped from enemy airplanes in night air-raids. We all kept sending them up until dozens were suspended in the sky and the sea was lit up for miles.

"Star shells were fired. Rockets went up. The searchlights of the escort ships were turned on. But the U-boats had disappeared. By the light of the flares we could see the torpedoed ships sinking and men running along the decks towards the life-boats. The escort ships dashed about in search of the U-boats. Depth-charges were dropped, more star shells were fired. "When dawn came the convoy was re-formed. Our ship was transferred to the other wing. While daylight lasted we would be pretty safe."



THE ENTIRE SHIP'S COMPANY OF THE "SILVAPLANA" BLOCKADE RUNNER ARE TAKEN PRISONER BY H.M.S. "ADVENTURE" after the interception and subsequent scuttling of the German vessel. This was one of the largest hauls of prisoners ever taken by one ship during the present war

TWO ENEMY BLOCKADE RUNNERS GO TO THEIR END

The Scuttling of the *Silvaplana* and *Regensburg* After Their Interception by British Cruisers. —Two Special Drawings by Wm. McDowell

Two more enemy vessels, which attempted to break through the Allied nations' blockade, have been scuttled after interception by ships of the Royal Navy. One of the blockade runners, the German armed ship *Silvaplana*, of 4,793 tons, was inward bound from the Far East with a valuable cargo of rubber and tin. She was sighted by the cruiser H.M.S. *Adventure* (Captain R. G. Bowes-Lyon, M.V.O., R.N.) about 200 miles off Cape Finisterre and ordered to stop. Within a few minutes, and even before the *Silvaplana* had lost way, her personnel proceeded to abandon ship. Flames enveloped the blockade runner's bridge and a series of internal explosions rent her hull. Burning fiercely and with her ammunition exploding, she heeled over and sank stern first. The entire ship's company of the *Silvaplana*, including more than 100 personnel of the German Navy, were rescued by H.M.S. *Adventure*. This vessel is a special type of "cruiser-minelayer" of 6,740 tons, completed in 1927. She is distinguished by the doors at her stern, from which the mines are launched, and by the peculiar arrangement of her funnels, the aftermast of which is very thin and placed immediately behind the main funnel.

The other enemy blockade runner, the German motor-vessel *Regensburg*, of 8,068 tons, was also heavily laden and inward bound from the Far East. She was intercepted between Greenland and Iceland by the cruiser H.M.S. *Glasgow* (Captain E. M. Evans-Lombe, R.N.), patrolling in the Denmark Strait, and brought-to with warning shots. Signs of panic were immediately apparent on board the *Regensburg*. A number of her company were seen to jump over the side. The enemy then signalled "I stop," and H.M.S. *Glasgow* ceased fire. Soon afterwards the *Regensburg* fired scuttling charges and her crew abandoned ship in boats and rafts. Every effort was made by the ship's company in H.M.S. *Glasgow* to rescue the *Regensburg's* personnel, but, owing to the effects of icy water and heavy weather, only six out of a large complement survived. *Glasgow* is a six-inch-gun cruiser of 9,000 tons; she is one of the Southampton class, which have given such good service throughout the present war

THE SECOND GERMAN BLOCKADE RUNNER, THE 8,000-TON MOTOR-VESSEL "REGENSBURG," WAS INTERCEPTED BETWEEN GREENLAND AND ICELAND. She, too, scuttled herself; owing to the icy water and heavy weather, however, only six of her large complement survived. In this drawing, the cruiser "Glasgow" is making a lee for the survivors of the blockade runner and streaming lines down-wind to their assistance

MOBILITY IN WAR

Headquarters in the Field are Now Mounted on Wheels, for the Swift-Moving Battles of Modern Warfare
—*Three Special* Sphere *Drawings*

Rapidity of movement is a necessity in every branch of war to-day. It applies to all forms of headquarters. Sometimes a commander can indulge in the luxury of a chateau or villa; but the necessity for instant movement has made the H.Q. on wheels a much more desirable residence. The snatching-up of papers, maps and equipment does not take place; only the folding-up of doors and collapsible tent extensions—and all is ready for the move.

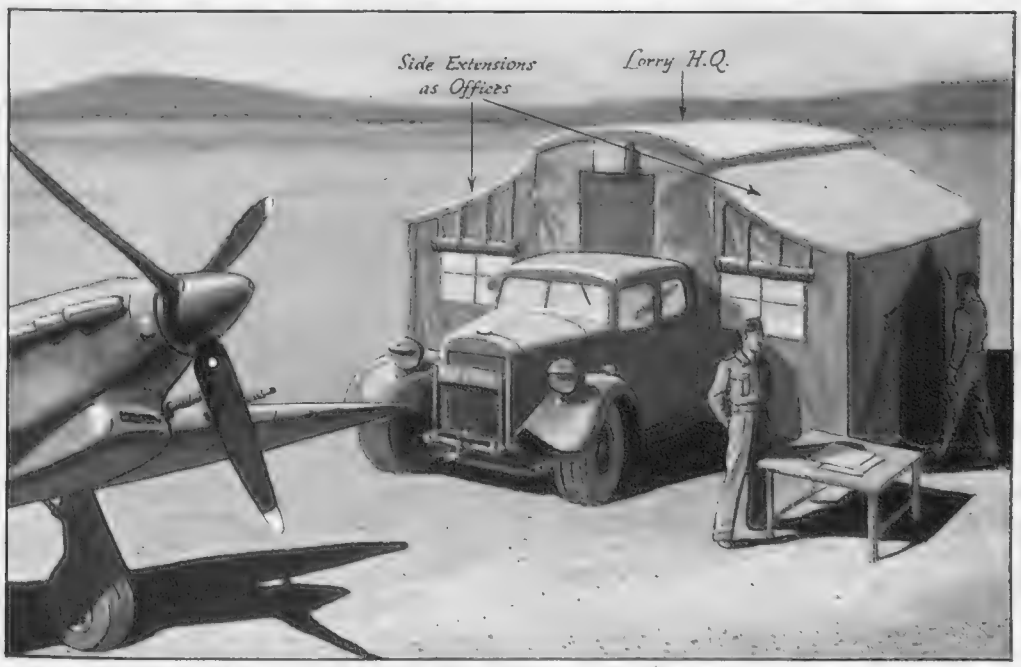
Headquarters to-day are often formed out of a central, specially equipped vehicle which can be anchored to the desired site. On each side, extensions are fixed, the steps put in position, and the offices are soon a "going concern." If the weather is fine an extra outside table can be added; but in any case there is always the central, neatly equipped "office" with everything in its place. Drawers and lockers ensure the ready finding of lists and folders, even after a hectic advance across a difficult stretch of country.

Mobile wireless equipment is the latest addition to the rapidly moving H.Q. A two-way wireless equipment is fitted to an American jeep which, in this case, becomes a "veep." Around this means of communication the tent H.Q. is established. Messages can then be sent in all directions immediately by two-way wireless.

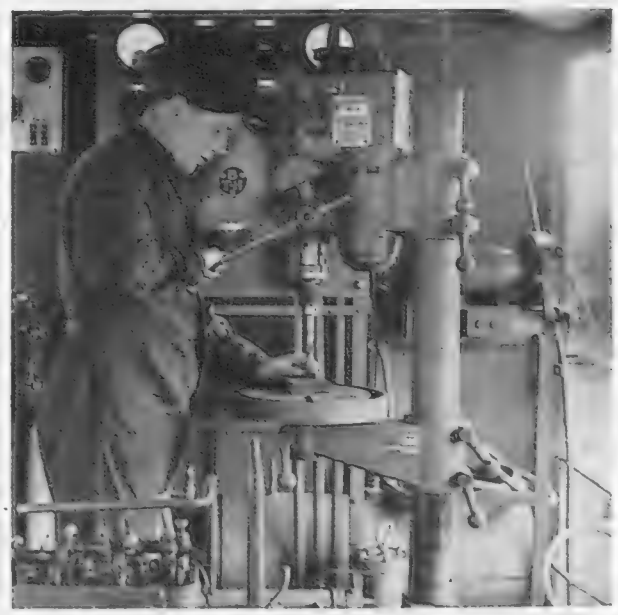
THE MOBILE OFFICES OF G.H.Q. IN THE FIELD: Connecting passages give quite a roomy interior. Three mounted vehicles are ranged side by side and covered with camouflage netting. In this manner G.H.Q. can be located right behind the fighting line. General Montgomery's Headquarters were devised in this fashion

A SOLDIER OF THE U.S. ARMY'S "ALL JAPANESE" INFANTRY BATTALION talks over his portable radio set during manœuvres. This man was born in Hawaii, and is a member of a battalion composed entirely of loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry

THE NEW AMERICAN "VEEP" CAR around which Advance H.Q. centre during a landing. The "veep" is a development of the now well-known American-built jeep. When a landing is being made in hostile territory the "veep" is transported in a big aircraft, for the conveyance of which some U.S.-built aeroplanes have been specially adapted. The little car is fitted with two-way radio, and when the landing has been made Advance H.Q. centre around the communications system which they establish



MOBILE AIR HEADQUARTERS ON AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD: The central truck has side extensions; these can be folded up quickly and the whole "office" moved rapidly to a new site. This system was actually employed during the rapid advances through Libya and Tunisia



AN R.A.F. MOBILE WORKSHOP: This lorry-borne workshop is of very great value; it contains a small lathe, drills, battery-charging board and many other useful gadgets, which can all be run from power generated within the workshop itself

C

The FINAL PHASE in TUNISIA

A Special Section Dealing with the Events Immediately Preceding, and Following, the Collapse of the Axis in North Africa —With special diagrams and drawings

Now that the war in Africa is over, certain details connected with the surprising collapse of the Axis have emerged. It would appear that the rapidity of the break-through by the British First Army and U.S. Second Corps on the morning of Friday, May 7, was such that a complete breakdown in communications took place between the various Axis commands which had been holding the many sectors of the German defence line.

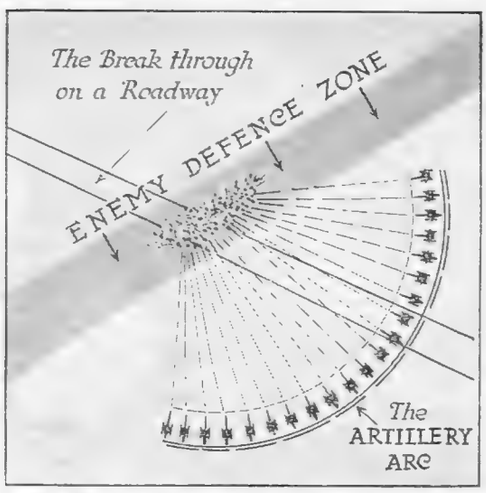
The break-through into the city of Tunis, in point of fact, cut the Axis forces into two. Subsequent events have revealed that the High Command was grouped in two separate areas: one was in the vicinity of Porto Farina, some few miles to the east of Bizerta; the other was near St. Marie du Zit. The captures of high-ranking German and Italian officers were all made within these two areas, and it was at the second-named that General von Arnim was himself captured at his own General Headquarters.

It seems clear that neither H.Q. staff had any expectation of an immediate collapse. There were no visible signs of urgent preparations for the defence of the contemplated second line, which was to have run from Hammam Lif, a point of great natural strength on the Gulf of Tunis, down to the Hallouf Hills, south-east of the Zaghouan massif.

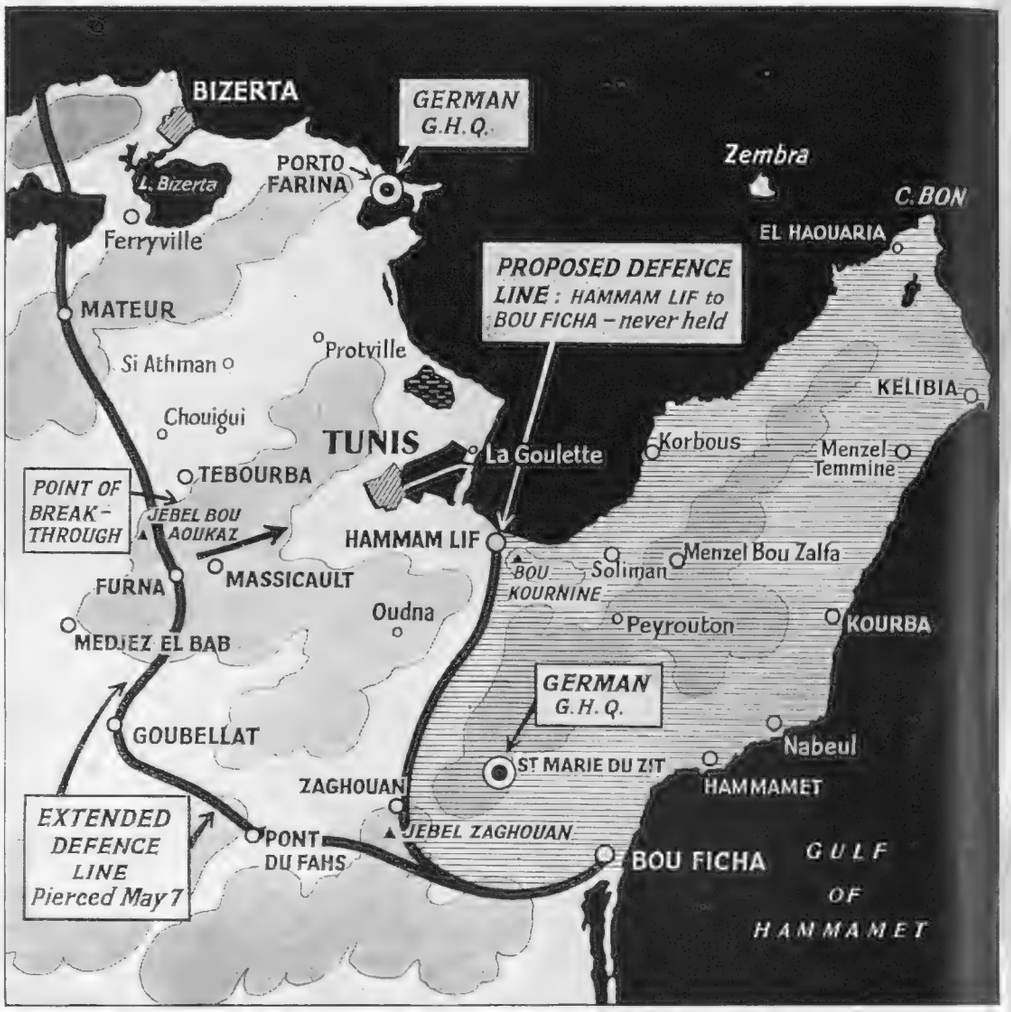
Here the Germans (who had retreated all the way from El Alamein) had been holding positions of great strength; close to them were other Axis forces which had retreated through Kairouan. There were sufficient Axis troops here alone to have put up the very stiffest opposition—had not the rot set in elsewhere.

Another point of importance is the increasing impression of the narrowness of the actual break-through. In the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it would appear that this took place practically over the width of one French colonial roadway—and that not a Route Nationale, but a secondary road south of the main highway into the capital!

One factor which seems to have made the break-through possible in this manner was the disposition of the guns in an arc, not (as in 1914-1918) in a long line parallel with the enemy's wire. A high concentration was brought about, the shells almost hitting one another as they found a target. In the central area of the attack, at least, nothing could live!



ONE OF THE ARTILLERY LESSONS OF TUNISIA: An "arc of fire" by the guns in place of the straight-line formations of 1914-1918. This gave a terrific concentration of fire at a given spot (See notes above)



THE GERMAN SECOND LINE OF DEFENCE (from Bou Ficha to Hammam Lif), which was, in fact, never used. Owing to the breaking of communications and the rapidity of the First Army's advance to Hammam Lif, the German plans for a last stand in front of the Cape Bon Peninsula were not possible. The position of the two German Headquarters is shown in this diagram

AFTER the "CEASE FIRE"

Less Danger and Glamour Perhaps, but More Work

When a great army achieves its final objective in one theatre of war, what happens next? When the "Cease fire" sounds, what difference does it make in the daily life of the soldier? After the morning of May 12, the Eighth Army and the other Allied troops in North Africa (totalling about 500,000 men) found themselves for the first time with no organised enemy action, apart from occasional air raids, confronting them. For the last three months, many of them had never spent more than four days in one place; even complete and complicated organisations such as A.-A. and anti-tank batteries had been in a state of constant readiness to take the road at no more than fifteen minutes' warning. The crux of the campaign had seen the concentration in a comparatively small area outside Tunis and Bizerta of the largest force of men, tanks, guns and planes yet seen outside Europe. Quite obviously, the first step after the battle would be to dilute such a concentration and to re-distribute the men over a wider area and so ease the burden of food, water, sanitation, housing and transport. Quite apart from the question of beginning the re-grouping of our forces for the next offensive, wherever that may be, there is clearly no point in over-populating any one area with troops as soon as the military necessity for their presence has gone.

To a certain extent, Allied forces will enjoy a moderate amount of permitted relaxation—they will be in a sort of "loose order," after the high tension of daily combat with the enemy. Leave will be granted more liberally; forty-eight hours in Tunis, Sousse or Bizerta will loom large in the minds of all ranks. But for most of the time all ranks will still be hard at work catching up the threads of that ordered existence essential to the life of modern complicated armies. First and foremost comes a closer reckoning of one's own casualties—the "strength states" which theoretically come in daily from all units to Brigade H.Q., and thence to Divisional and finally to Corps H.Q. After battle, these provisional "states" are revised and corrected as far as possible—a titanic job in itself More picturesque is the job of dealing with prisoners of war, and wrecked and jettisoned enemy equipment on the field of battle. We took over 260,000 prisoners in the North African campaign—these have to be interrogated, individually if possible, medically examined, and fed. housed and transported from the field P.O.W. camps to wherever it is decided to intern them—India possibly.

Enemy equipment is very valuable. First comes the intelligence examination—anything new or novel is sent to the appropriate experts for examination. Many a valuable secret, possibly an important new target for the R.A.F., may be elicited in this way.

If any type of gun or vehicle is captured intact in sufficient number, we may pass it on to friends and Allies well able to make use of them. The Turkish Air Force, for example, has benefited from our captures of *Luftwaffe* stores dumps; the Abyssinian Army is largely furnished with captured Axis arms, and the French African forces have benefited largely from the same sources. What is too battered or otherwise unfit for service will be converted into scrap. What will happen, one wonders, to the 260,000-odd steel helmets of our Axis prisoners?

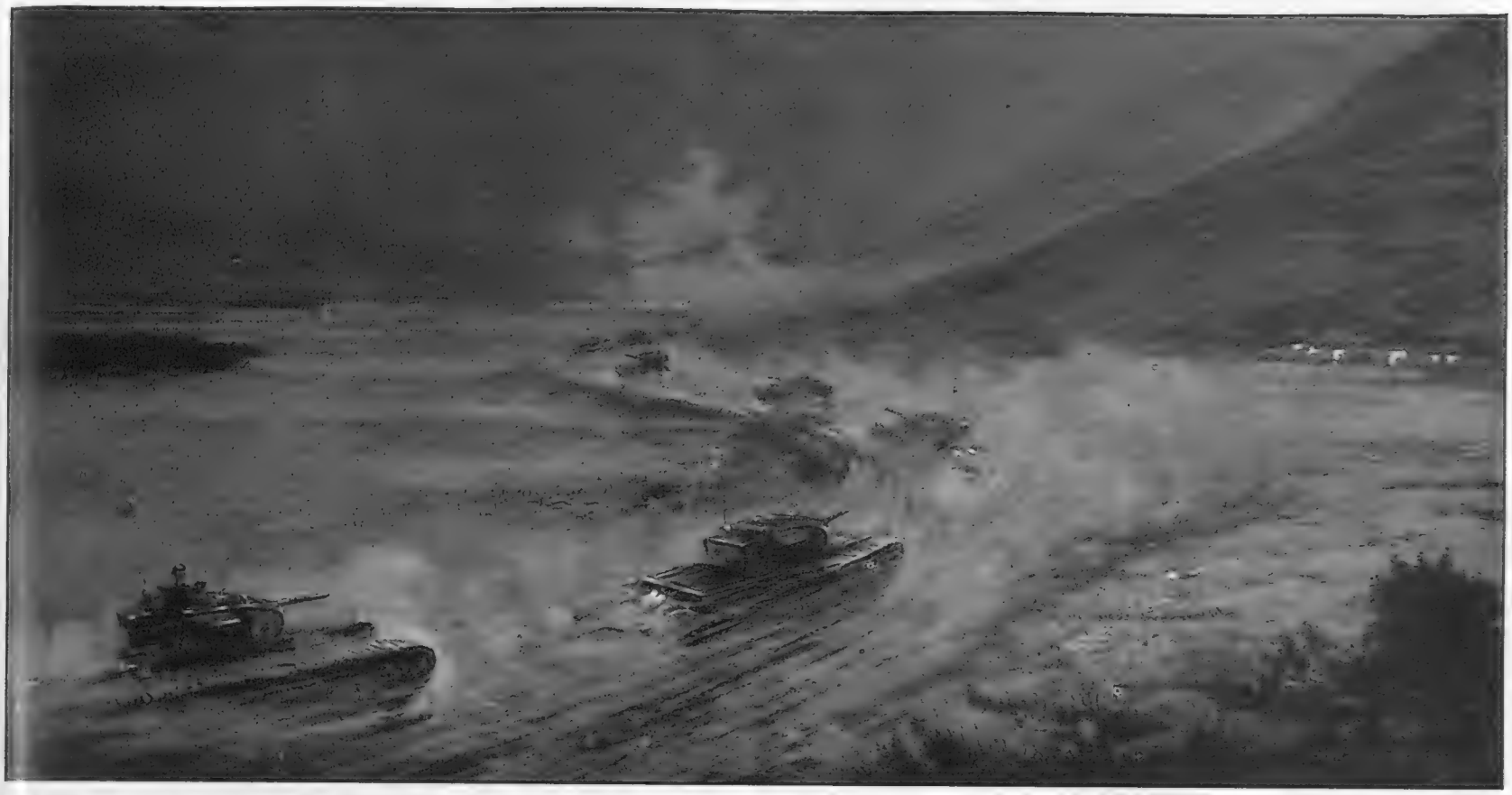
There is the human débris of the battlefield to be cleared also. Every attempt is made not only to identify those who have fallen, but also to ensure that the burial-place of each man shall be identifiable. The large identity disc (most soldiers wear two) is usually left on the body; the smaller one is removed with any other personal effects for eventual return to relatives.

It goes without saying that the engineers, sappers and pioneers will be busier now, if anything, than they were before. Roads to mend, camps to build, bridges to strengthen, water to find and pipe, bomb damage to repair, the "service" corps in North Africa must have a whole year's programme in front of them at least.

Training never ceases in the modern Army. No soldier ever finishes his military education. Now the battle is locally over, more men than ever will be posted to courses and special training camps—what the soldier crisply describes as "stunts." Nor is training confined to local conditions—there is a large and popular ski-ing school "somewhere in the mountains" for members of the M.E.F. It is for strictly military purposes, and the quartermaster has a full stock of ski caps, snow goggles, ski boots, wax, and other Alpine impedimenta on issue. The North African forces still maintain synthetic tank and A.-A. training units, though one might think they had seen enough of the real thing. The men know the secret of success is practice, and the same applies to all branches of the soldier's craft, from bomb-throwing to wireless.

Vitally important is the job of co-operating with the civilian administration. The Army has for some time had in the East a special department under Sir Philip Mitchell, previously Governor of Uganda, for the training of military officers in civilian administration. In French North Africa, of course, the problem is simplified because there is now a friendly Allied civil administration, but elsewhere it has been necessary to provide a complete civil Government. Military courts have been set up to deal with looting, sabotage, spying and acts directed against the troops. The ordinary local civil and criminal courts are usually left to function as before, though naturally local political organisations and newspapers have to "toe the line." Food supplies for the civil population will need supervision, and profiteering and black markets checked. Allied forces in North Africa are still faced by work just as arduous, if less glamorous than actual combat. C. P. H.

This Italian infantryman left Tunisia for Pantellaria after the collapse of the Afrika Korps. His means of conveyance was an inner-tube!



THE FINAL ACTION IN THE TUNISIAN VICTORY: THE RUSH OF BRITISH TANKS TO HAMMAMET, when the First Army's armour went all out to cut the enemy off from the Cape Bon Peninsula. The Germans were convinced that no armoured division could move so fast!—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Axis resistance collapsed because von Arnim and his Generals lost control of their forces owing to the dazzling speed and boldness of the First Army's tank attack, and were never able to regain it," wrote one competent observer at the front. By cutting across the head of the Cape Bon peninsula from Hammam Lif to Hammamet, our tanks frustrated the enemy's efforts to hold a defensive line behind which their shattered forces could be re-grouped. The Germans were convinced that no armoured Division, least of all a British Armoured Division, could move as fast as our tanks actually did. "I drove the tanks as hard as I could night and day," said the British General who commanded a large part of the striking force and who captured several of the German and Italian Generals. "They did the job magnificently. After the Indians had made a gap, I threw both armoured divisions through it, and they fanned out behind the Germans. The Germans can't stand having tanks behind them. We raced to Hammamet, and after that the show was really over except for picking up prisoners"

THE HOT PURSUIT BY THE FIRST ARMY BREAKS THE ENEMY'S FINAL OPPOSITION AND CUTS HIS LINES OF COMMUNICATION: A last action of the campaign at Hammam Lif, the Tunisian watering-place between Tunis and Cape Bon, which the enemy should have held—but didn't—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The speed with which the enemy was followed up while the triumphant entry was being made into the Tunisian capital rendered any sustained resistance impossible. The British armoured division roared along the coast road which follows the southern shore of the Gulf of Tunis, without any of those cautious pauses which might have been wise in other circumstances. The enemy was retreating rapidly, so the tanks and guns just went all out to give him no pause.

Opposition was encountered at the Tunisian seaside resort of Hammam Lif; owing largely to the nature of the ground, which rises gradually to the base of the Bon Kournine, an isolated rock mass with twin summits which dominates this part of the gulf, the avenues run parallel with one another across the main highway from Tunis to Hammamet on the other side of the peninsula. The Germans had placed guns on the higher ground and dotted them in the gardens of villas in a way which enabled them to put up—for the moment—a nasty resistance. But the tanks were not to be denied. They broke away impetuously in all directions, seeking cover among the shore buildings and blazing away in the direction of the enemy gun positions; others swept right on to the margin of the shore. Other arms were now able to take part in the assault; and such was the élan of the attack that all resistance at this very strong position was swept away. It was important to cut the enemy lines and isolate the peninsula of Cape Bon. This was so effectively done that a subsequent movement to the south-east resulted in the capture of the German C.-in-C. with his staff, in the area of St. Marie du Zit

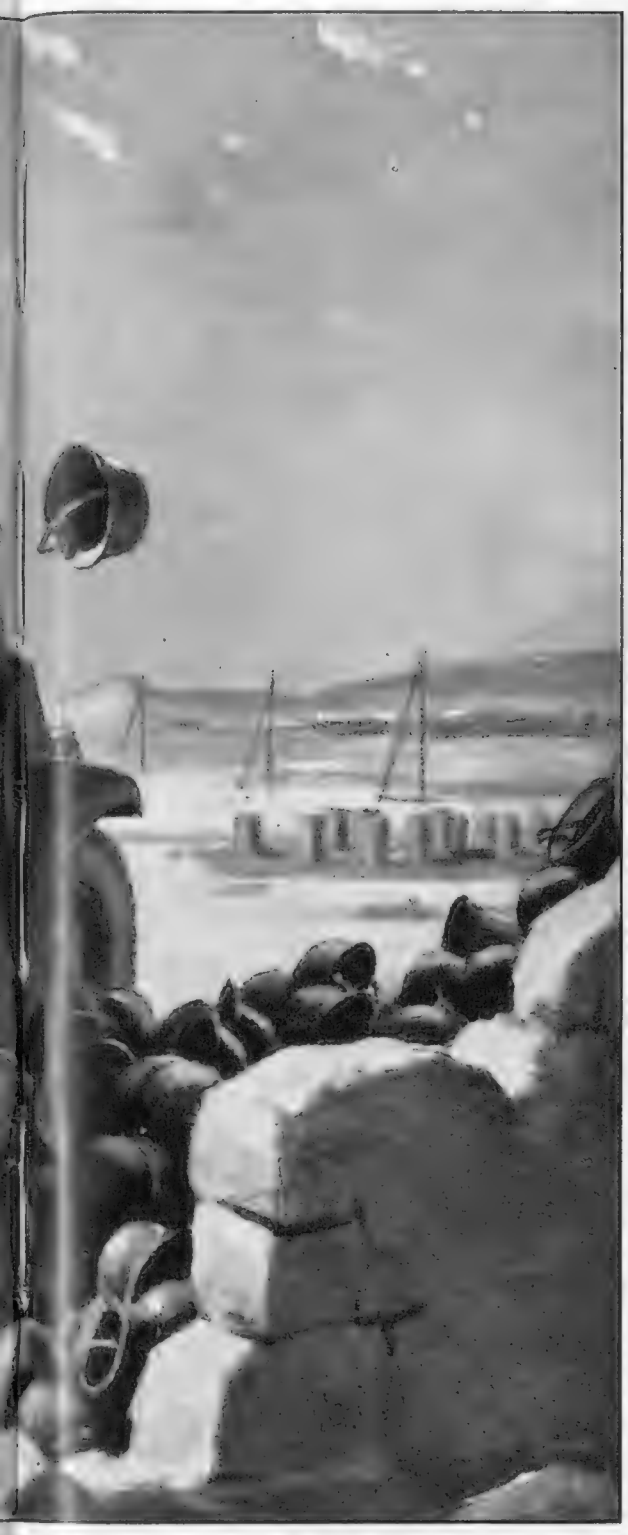
ONE OF THE STRANGE AFTERMATHS OF THE TUNISIAN VICTORY. COLLECTING THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF HELMETS AND RIFLES SURRENDERED BY THE PRISONE their helmets were taken from them, as they will not be needed again in this war! At the same time, the arms had to be sorted out and the general debris of th

THE AMAZING SCENE ON THE BEACHES OF THE CAPE BON PENINSULA: At one tiny tunny-fishing village near Cape Bon itself German tanks and motor everything pointed to a scene of the greatest panic. But out of the wreckage the Allies secured a great fleet of enemy trucks which are now being marsh

The Final Phase in Tunisia (II)

COLLECTING the DEBRIS After the DEBACLE

—Two Special Sphere Drawings of Scenes on the Field of Battle



ONERS. This work went on for days: as the prisoners came in, tle battlefield collected and classified—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

MAJOR-GENERAL GRAF VON SPONECK (in front seat) arriving to surrender to General Freyberg, V.C., in command of the New Zealand troops

GENERAL APONTE, one of the large tally of Italian Generals captured, has a last look round before being driven away for internment

AT A TUNISIAN AIR-FIELD: General H. Cramer, of a Panzer Division (in foreground) and Major L. von Meyer (the General's A.D.C.)

TWO ENEMY COMMANDERS at General Freyberg's Headquarters: Maj.-Gen. Frecken von Liebenstein (left) and Marshal Messe (Italian C.-in-C.)

"The Germans just packed up at Cape Bon." That was said by a British major who had been through Dunkirk, and who had witnessed the amazing final scenes on the Peninsula. It seems to summarise the general impression of all who were present at the great disintegration of the Axis forces after the fall of Tunis and Bizerta.

The prisoners came in by the hundred, by the thousand, and by the ten thousand. A great number preferred to drive in in their own lorries, and thus a number of serviceable vehicles came straightway into our possession. A large force of British and American troops was soon engaged in salvaging much of the other war materials left over the battlefields.

Much equipment was made temporarily unserviceable by the defeated troops. Gunsights were smashed, breech-blocks were removed and buried, aircraft and guns and tanks were destroyed: but vast quantities of stores are still to be seen on every hand. Much of it will be collected, sorted and repaired, including tens of thousands of steel helmets, which will never be worn by squareheads again!

At some of the seashore villages on the Cape Bon Peninsula, great destruction was wrought by the Axis when they saw that surrender was inevitable. Apart from the damage inflicted by our own bombers, the beaches are now strewn with equipment and supplies destroyed before the final capitulation of General von Arnim and Marshal Messe

orcycles in perfect condition had been driven into the sea; wrecked aircraft, rifles, machine-guns, and masses of ammunition lay scattered along the beach, and shed for use by us. These vehicles are in good order, as hundreds of Germans drove themselves into the concentration camps in them—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Final Phase in Tunisia (III)

LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL IN THE NORTH AFRICAN CAPITAL

THE NEW BEY OF TUNIS IS INSTALLED: General Juin walks with the "Bey du Camp," Sidi Lamin (the deposed Bey's uncle), after the ceremony at the Palais de Bardo

IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE PALAIS DE BARDO: General Juin and the new Bey receiving officials during the Investiture. Sidi Lamin succeeds the sixty-five-year-old Sidi Moncef Pasha, who was promptly deposed by General Giraud after his capture at Hammam Lif. The ex-Bey (with twenty-five wives) left soon afterwards for Madagascar, where he will presumably live in exile, in company with others who have backed the wrong horse in the present war. The new Bey is Moncef Pasha's uncle; his Investiture took place in the Palais de Bardo in the presence of General Juin, French Resident-General of Tunisia

HOW THE AXIS PRISONERS CAME IN: Quite on their own, unescorted by their conquerors, some of the Germans came in on horseback, others in pony-carts. All seemed gay and carefree, and went to the hastily-erected compounds almost with eagerness. Military commentators are still talking about this strange surrender!

ONE OF THE RUSES EMPLOYED BY GERMAN GUNNERS: A German 88-mm. gun which had been installed in the garden of a villa on the outskirts of Tunis. Similar dispositions of artillery were also found at Hammam Lif after the fall of that strategically important place. It is evident, therefore, that the Axis intended to fight it out and that they were hustled into surrender against the will of their commanders

WHEN THE NAVY TOOK A HAND IN THE GREAT ROUND-UP. This picture was taken from the deck of a British warship operating in the Sicilian Narrows after the Axis had retired to the Cape Bon Peninsula. It shows a fishing-smack packed with fleeing Italian staff officers and Axis soldiers. The smack was intercepted by the Hunt class destroyer "Lamerton" whilst attempting to make the crossing to Italy. An officer by the mast is holding up a small white handkerchief in token of surrender. Actually, these men had not progressed very far from Cape Bon when they were sighted and taken back into captivity

AFTER THE BATTLES ARE OVER. The French farmers of Tunisia resume their ploughing as British sappers clear their land of the mines laid by the retreating Germans. A scene near the road between Medjez-el-Bab and the sea—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Already the fishermen and farmers of North Africa are beginning to forget the war and returning to their normal peacetime occupations. Many of the rich farmlands were invaded by the Germans when making their last unavailing stand against the British and American advance; mines were laid across their fields; tanks churned up their pastures and crops; and wrecked aircraft came hurtling down from the skies. British soldiers, however, are clearing away the minefields, and farmers are running their ploughs across the churned-up fields. In a land where there are now so many additional mouths to feed, swift measures are being taken to deal with the early harvest and arrangements have already been made for tractor-ploughing. The scene depicted above is typical of many such in Tunisia to-day. Note how, in true French fashion, the colonial farmer is helped by his wife in his work in the fields

LIFE RETURNS TO NORMAL IN THE TUNISIAN CAPITAL. The scene outside the Cathedral in Tunis on the fête of St. Joan of Arc, which was celebrated by enormous crowds of French citizens who attended mass—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

The drawing above gives what might almost be described as an epitome of life to-day in the capital. Now that the Germans have gone, with their hectoring manners and domineering ways, British and French troops fill the town. The picturesque Spahis on their white stallions are frequently encountered; British soldiers and French civilians sit on the café terraces; and the throngs of citizens everywhere move with their pre-war freedom, with pretty girls in light summer frocks promenading as in any street in France. The liberation of Tunis coincided with the fête of St. Joan of Arc; this was fittingly celebrated by enormous crowds attending mass in the Cathedral. General Juin, acting Resident-General in Tunisia, was present

FEEDING the EIGHTH ARMY

How Well-Organised Transport and Clever Ration-Packs Overcame Unprecedented Supply Difficulties

Described by DONALD COWIE

MANY people must have wondered, as the Eighth Army reached the Tunisian end of its remarkable advance from El Alamein, how the feeding of the troops was accomplished so far from a fully-equipped supply base. No less an authority than Field-Marshal Wavell had said that logistics was the most important feature of modern war: surely no military organisation had been set such a problem in that intricate science of moving and maintaining men.

Two factors were responsible: first, the organisation of transport, and, second, the method of packing the food.

The transport organisation, in turn, had two operative aspects, long-distance and local, of which the first extended many thousands of miles across the ocean to Britain and America, whence a large part of the supplies had to be shipped months before the offensive began. But the Eighth Army did not have to rely entirely on these distant food bases, thanks to the work of that original Eastern Supply Conference and subsequent co-operative organisations east and south of Suez. Thanks to these, most of the Army's more perishable or primitive food came from the Middle Eastern countries themselves, as well as from South Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand. British and American supplies were confined as much as possible to certain classes of tinned goods. The entire store had been gathered in huge dumps in Egypt and elsewhere, and, when El Alamein was planned, the process was begun of loading the food on lorries and trains and sending it in an endless stream west, a stream continuously to be in motion for many months.

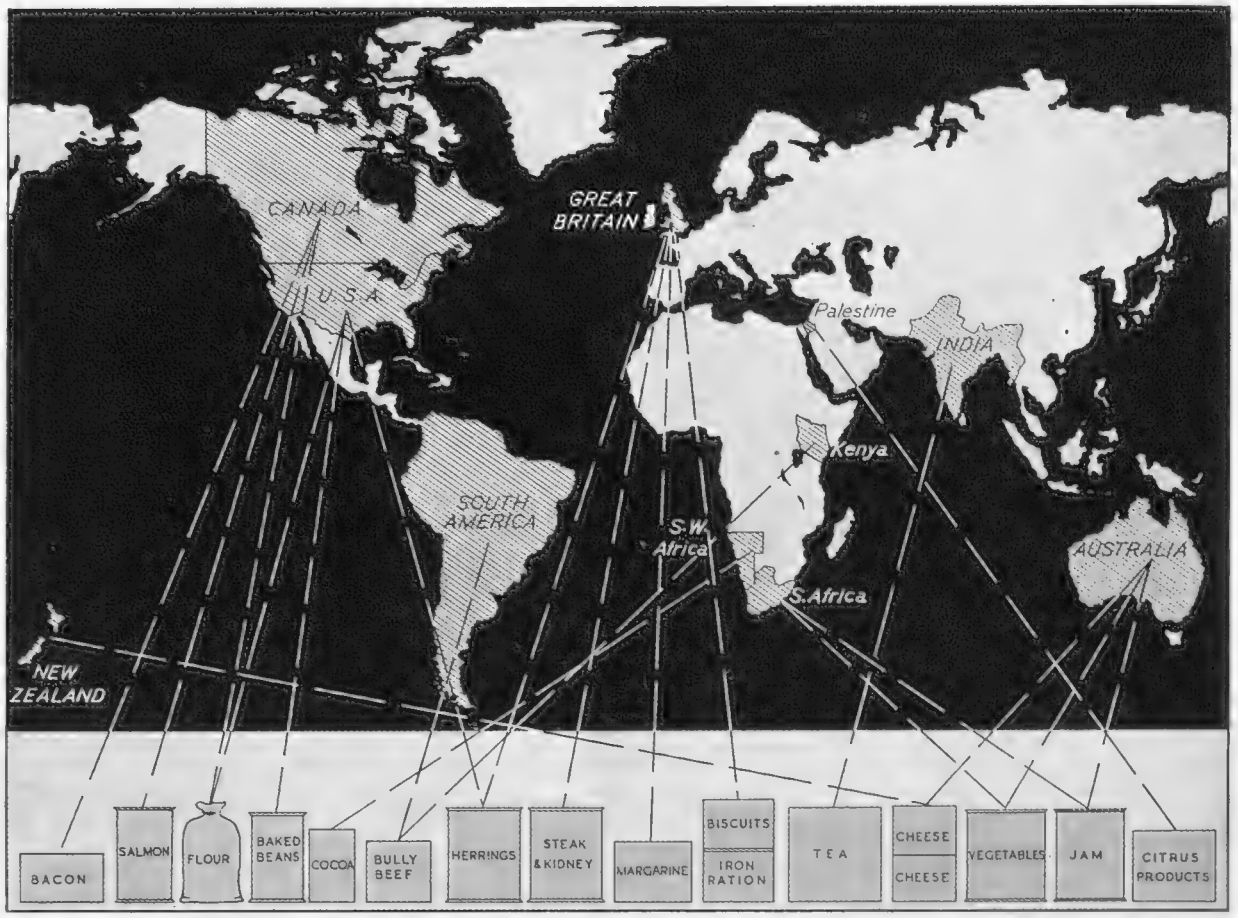
So we come to the second aspect of the transport organisation, namely, the local aspect concerned with the advancing army itself. The best way of carrying food to armies is by rail; the swiftest way is by air. But the Eighth Army quickly outstripped the sound portion of the coastal railway, and transport planes were wholly concerned with the conveyance of essential technicians and parts to rapidly advancing squadrons. Till Tobruk was reached the Navy could not help, and both Tobruk and Benghazi were badly smashed. The Navy could not conspicuously assist "Q" till Tripoli and the waters leading thence were cleared.

Such a fleet of motor transport as no British Army had possessed before was the basic solution of the local supply problem: 2,400 tons daily of all stores (not food alone) were supplied to the constantly advancing troops by no fewer than 120,000 lorries (for which 2,000 new tyres a day were issued). It was not, of course, a constant flow to the front "line." In general, the supplying was done in successive jerks forward. During prolonged pauses, such as those at Jedabaya and Mareth, the opportunity was taken to bring great quantities of food forward to dumps. Then, as the men advanced, they sustained themselves, for periods up to seven days, on self-carried reserves, replenished in subsidiary pauses by "Q" transport quickly at their heels.

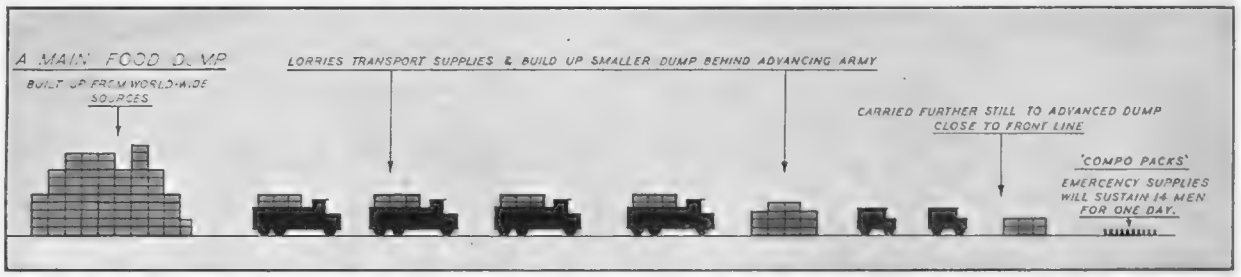
Long experiment in British laboratories and tests during Army training had been conducted for the purpose of devising rations that could at once sustain fighting soldiers and be packed in a small space. Canning partly won the day. It is difficult to believe that among the tinned foods which went to the advancing Eighth Army were steak and kidney, salmon, herring, oxtail, Irish stew, fresh vegetables, baked beans, bacon, sausages, cheese, margarine, jam, fruit, date and sultana, marmalade and rice puddings.

Another "winner" was the powdering process, mainly used for milk and cocoa; while the modern Army biscuit, quite different from the "dog biscuit" of the last war, and containing more sugar and fat, with a higher calorific value, was a constant sustainer in its neat, tightly-packed form. Variety in general rations was a great help. Instead of plum and apple jam, the Eighth Army at times had a choice of gooseberry, raspberry, black currant and marmalade.

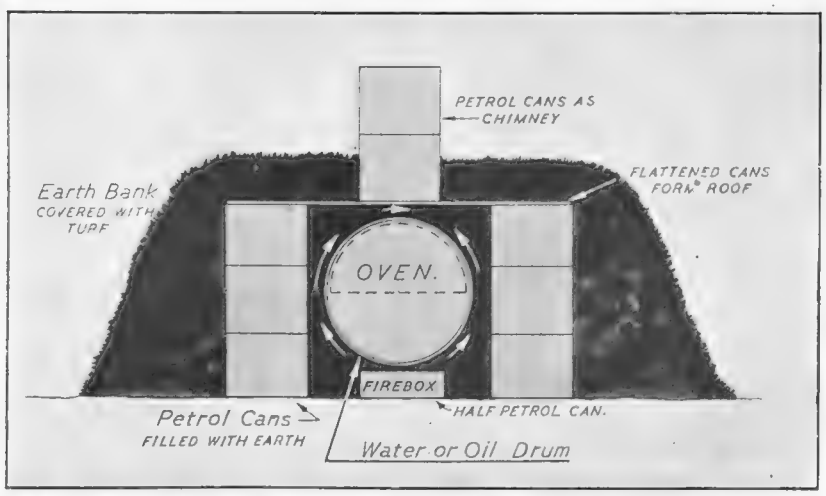
Thanks to the tins and the neat cartons, such foodstuffs could be carried in bulk by light lorries and transferred swiftly by the soldiers themselves to advanced vehicles and tanks. The food was nearly all of a type that could, if necessary, be eaten without cooking, though the smallest formation would have some form of cooking appliance, anything from portable camp equipment, such as Bluff and Triplex ranges, to improvised Aldershot ovens, oil-drum ovens and the primitive kettle trench. When travelling field kitchens could not keep up, the men would quickly prepare their own meals: their chief lack throughout the advance was bread, in the place of which they had to eat their biscuits and other flour preparations in dry form. They tried to take tea along, but often had to make their frequent lorry or tank-side "boil-up" with less invigorating, but more sustaining, cocoa.



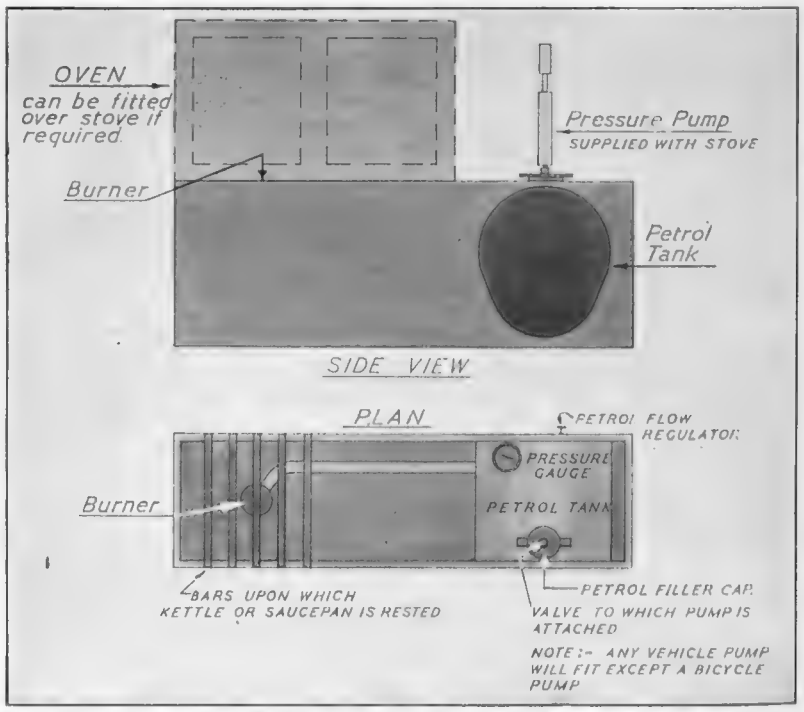
PART OF THE SUPPLY ORGANISATION BEHIND THE TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN. Rations alone are indicated in this diagram, which shows the various parts of the world from which they had to be gathered before the Landings were possible



FROM BASE TO FRONT LINE: From the main food dumps, lorry transport had to build up smaller dumps behind the advancing armies, right down to the "Compo Ration Dumps" from which the fighting men were supplied—*Two diagrams by B. C. Wood*



ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, field ovens are constructed from petrol cans and oil or water drums, so that the fighting men can enjoy hot meals. The method of constructing this type of oven from converted cans is now part of Army training. The principle consists of a large oil or water drum three-parts buried in a bank of earth: earth-filled petrol cans form a structure around the drum, leaving a space for a current of air to circulate (this is indicated by the white arrows above). The oven door is made out of half of the drum lid, which must be sealed with mud whilst cooking is in progress. Any available materials which are suitable may be used for the construction of this oven, providing the theory outlined above is followed. The fuel used may be wood coal, or whatever else is available



HOW THE PORTABLE PETROL STOVES ARE CONSTRUCTED for use in the field. The upper drawing shows a side view; the lower shows the plan—*Drawings by B. C. Wood*

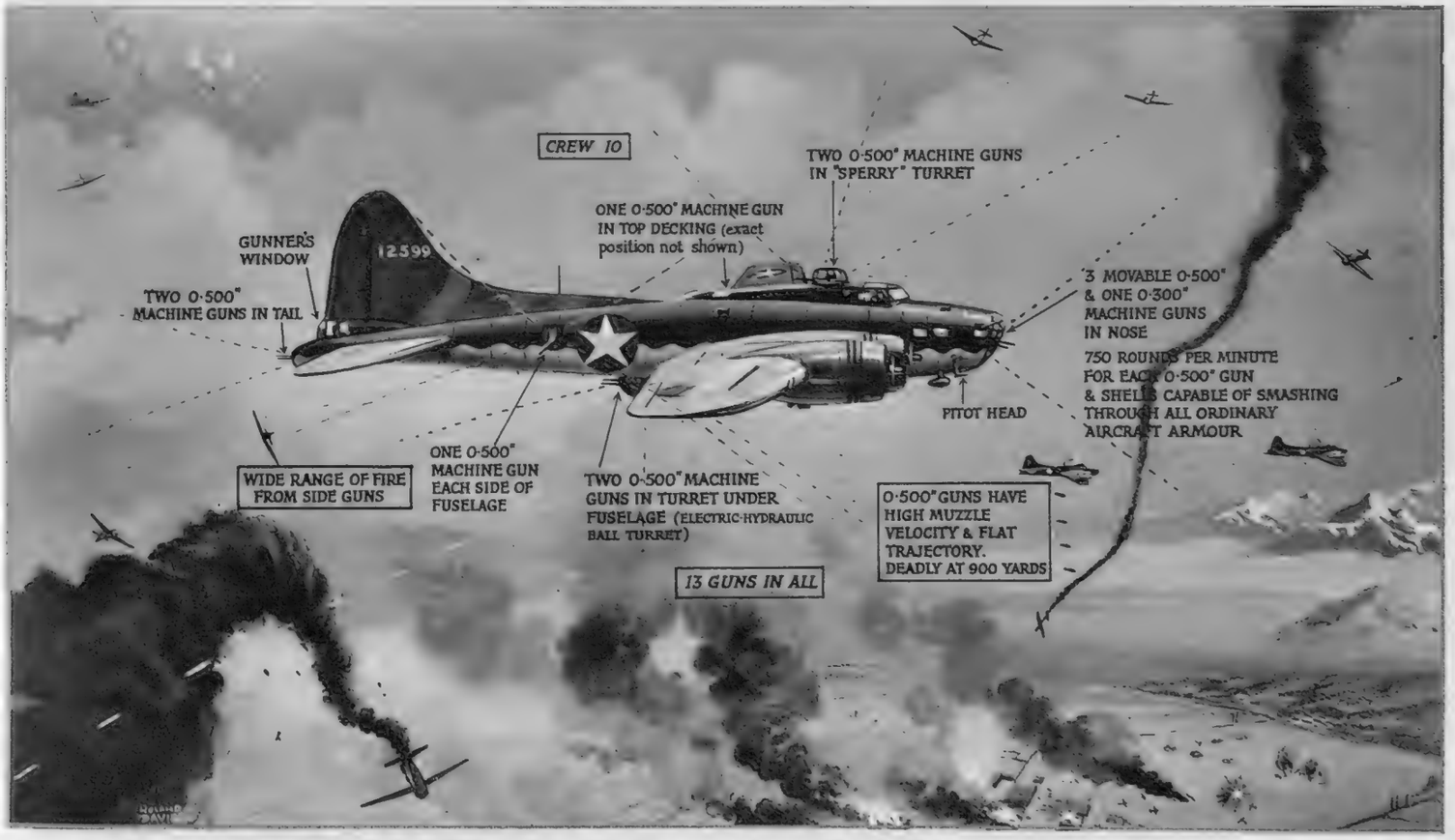
THE PUNISHMENT A BRITISH BOMBER CAN SUSTAIN DURING A RAID: A badly-damaged Stirling, which nevertheless successfully bombed its target at Duisberg and then came home minus its rear turret with other damage which made it almost a "skeleton"!

THE WAR IN THE AIR

The coming role of the Fortress; and the punishment our Bombers can take over Germany

—Two Special Drawings by Roland Davies

On its way to bomb Duisberg recently an R.A.F. heavy Stirling bomber was hit by flak. The plane began to vibrate violently and the rudder-bar swung loosely. Despite this, the sergeant-pilot continued his run up and bombed his target successfully. Then he turned for home, but soon it became almost impossible to control the aircraft. When the Navigator went aft, he found that the rear turret and gunner had been completely blown away; the fuselage behind the beam gun had been stripped of its fabric; the hydraulic system was out of action, causing the undercarriage to sag and the bomb-doors to open; and the rudder was practically useless. The sergeant-pilot, who had intended to abandon the aircraft, changed his mind: though only the "skeleton" of the bomber was left, he flew on and eventually he landed at a British airfield. For this feat he was shortly afterwards awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. British aircraft are "tough"—as we have repeatedly pointed out in this journal—but, equally, our pilots must be tough, too!



THE TASK OF THE FLYING FORTRESS IN THE NEAR FUTURE—AS A SPEARHEAD WHEN AN INVASION IS MADE? An impression of one of these terrifically strong aircraft bombing an Italian airfield and at the same time holding off enemy fighter aircraft

As invasion of the Continent comes ever nearer, the experts are beginning to speculate on the coming role of the American-built Flying Fortresses. They will soon "have to face their most critical test of the war," says one Military Correspondent. If a successful landing is to be attempted anywhere in the Mediterranean, the Axis Air Force will have to be grounded: our fighter aircraft will hardly have the range to do this from North Africa. "Can the Fortresses go in for a mass daylight raid, bomb the ground concentrations and face the fighter attacks of the *Luftwaffe* fighting for existence?" Recent attacks successfully carried out on Sicily go to show that the Fortresses *can* do these things, for not only have they reached their targets and wrought much havoc *by daylight*, but they have more than stood their ground in the face of heavy attacks by the defending fighters. As is now generally known, and as is depicted in the above drawing, the Fortress carries no fewer than thirteen guns: these command every angle of approach. The crew of ten is adequate to handle this big number of weapons. Most of the latter are of 0·500 calibre and each can fire 750 rounds per minute, the shells being capable of smashing through all ordinary aircraft armour. How these guns are disposed throughout the Fortress is indicated above. Reports from America suggest that even more heavily armed Fortresses are now on the way.

The War in the Air (continued)

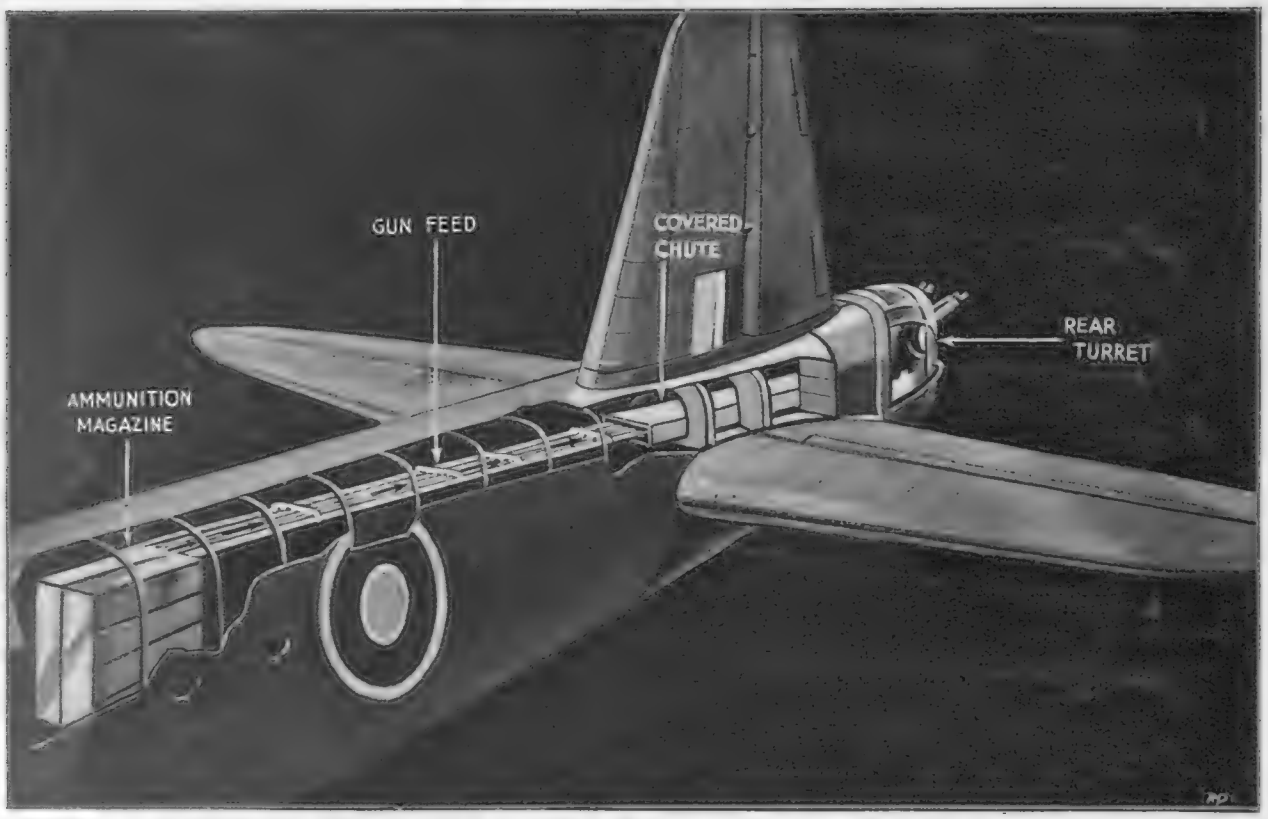
HOW the GUNS are FED on FIGHTER and BOMBER

Drawings and Notes descriptive of the manner in which the ammunition is carried on board our aircraft.

THERE is practically no position in an aeroplane in which guns cannot, or have not, been installed—wings, nose, belly, flanks, tail and upper back. Since the gun is worthless without its fodder, the arrangements which "pass the ammunition" to the weapons in these diverse sites are worth noting. In the simplest fighter types, the guns with their ammunition are all in the wings. After the take-off, the pilot can do nothing to them except operate the firing button and selector switches, which enable him to make a certain restricted choice of which guns he will fire—outer pairs, inner pairs, or all together. The Browning ·303 machine-gun—not yet obsolete by a long way—when mounted in the wings, draws its ammunition from a built-in box alongside, in which the belts are "flaked" down. Each cartridge is linked to its neighbour by a spring clip, forming the belt. After firing, the cartridge case and clips are showered into space. The guns are fired electrically, and are able to feed the belts to themselves. The capacity of the belts, in the old eight-machine-gun days, gave about 16 seconds fire at about 1,100 rounds per minute per gun.

The 20-mm. cannon, which followed the Browning, and has been standard fighter armament up to now, has a cylindrical magazine mounted alongside, usually holding 60 rounds, which obviously will not last long at eleven rounds a second. Here, again, the cannon is self-feeding. When we get to multi-turret machines, such as the large bombers, the picture changes. The nose and belly turrets (where fitted) are usually self-contained. Their machine-guns are fed from belts stored in boxes below the turrets. The belts travel up a series of gently curved chutes under the impulse of the Browning breech mechanism, though, in some cases, the ammunition boxes, as in the Bristol turret, have a spring bottom which assists the feed. The spent cases may be jettisoned or caught in bags, depending on whether there is any risk of damaging part of the plane, as the cases are caught up by the slip-stream. Obviously, the amount of ammunition which can be stored in turrets is limited. Even so, it is enough for the forward firing guns, for bombers are not likely to be subjected to prolonged attacks from this direction. The dorsal and tail turrets do the main defensive fighting of the bomber, and on long raids may need far more ammunition than could conceivably be carried in them. In the modern machines, such as the Lancaster and Halifax, these two turrets are fed from a centrally situated magazine. The ammunition belts are made up in precisely the same way, and travel down the fuselage to the turrets on carefully-adjusted racks. It is, of course, quite beyond the power of the gun mechanism to move the long belts of bullets over a distance of perhaps 20 ft. or more. Special servo motors are, therefore, used to pull the belts along the runways up to the base of the turrets, and then the gun mechanism takes over as before. Exactly how many rounds this system enables the defending turrets to call upon may not be stated, but is obviously very large, even when counting in terms of thousands of rounds, as one must when dealing with modern machine-guns.

HOW THE GUNS ARE FED ON A SPITFIRE. On most fighter aircraft (where weight and space considerations are important) both guns and gun supply are located in the wings—as shown in this drawing. The total ammunition supply is limited, hence the fighter-pilot must devise his tactics accordingly
—Drawing by Roland Davies



HOW THE GUNS IN THE REAR TURRET OF A BIG BOMBER ARE FED: The amount of ammunition necessary during a long trip cannot be carried in the turret itself: it is therefore fed to the guns from a centrally situated magazine. As the long belts of bullets have to travel 20 ft. or more, Servo motors are used to pull the belts along the runways to the base of the turrets
—Drawing by Roland Davies

THE REAR- AND MID-UPPER GUNNERS OF A HALIFAX checking up the ammunition feeds to their guns before the take-off. The belts must function perfectly when the gunners go into action, hence the routine inspection before every operational flight

A LITTLE-KNOWN ASPECT OF NIGHT FIGHTING. The blinding flash when the guns are fired in the darkness. The flames from the exhaust are shielded from the pilot's vision, but the eight guns to starboard and port are not—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When a fighter-pilot goes up at night conditions are, obviously, different from those to which he has been accustomed during daytime patrols. There is no horizon and no object on which to fix the eyes, and it often appears as if the pilot is stationary and the stars are moving! The gun-flashes of enemy bombers show up vividly, and the showers of bullets glow in a variety of colours. The pilot's vision is protected against the glare of the exhausts by a shield placed along the fuselage, but there is no protection for his eyes when the guns in the two wings open up. In describing this moment, one pilot has recounted what happens. "I had never fired my guns in the dark before," he said. "There was an awful flash, quite blinding. In daylight one does not see it: at night it is terrific, and I was so blinded that I lost sight of my Hun." He then goes on to describe how he found him again and eventually brought his enemy down

TO BRIDGE THE 500-600-MILE-WIDE "GAP" IN THE ATLANTIC: The merchantman which has been converted into an "Escort Carrier" to accompany the Convoys—an impression of the American-built "Battler," now serving with the Royal Navy—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

An Artist's Impression of H.M.S. "BATTLER" —New U.S.-Built Escort Carrier

In last week's issue of *The Sphere* we published pictures, newly released by the Admiralty, of H.M.S. *Battler*. Here is an artist's impression of the same vessel, bringing out certain salient points in her construction and appearance. *Battler* was laid down as a merchant vessel: it was then decided to convert her into an "escort carrier." Except in size, she compares in almost every detail with her bigger sisters such as *Illustrious*, *Victorious*, and the rest. She has seven decks, and a new design for her Control Tower: there is hangar area for squadrons of fighters and reconnaissance aircraft—Seafires and Swordfish. Her armament includes many anti-aircraft guns. In the drawing above note how the bridges and the Control Tower are set completely over to the edge of the flight deck, so as to get the maximum width of runway for the aircraft. Note also the many sponsons (or what the landsman would term balconies) for guns, searchlights, etc.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL for the ARMY

The Work of the Primary Training Centres, where Men are Sorted Out for the Jobs They Can Best Carry Out Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE end of this month marks the first anniversary of a most interesting experiment in the modern British Army. And it has been a great success. Since July 1942, every recruit has gone to a Primary Training Centre. Here, in a short period, he has learnt, and is learning, the rifle, the Bren, the 36-grenade, arms drill, squad drill, field-craft, and the other elementary necessities which are common to all combatant troops. After some weeks, the recruits are moved on to an Infantry Training Centre or Corps Training Centre.

In many cases the matrix test has been applied before the men arrive at the Primary Training Centre. This matrix test consists of sixty or seventy visual puzzle tests in which the recruit has to fit the missing links within twenty minutes. It is rare indeed for a recruit to be 100 per cent. successful.

In addition to the matrix test, there are the squares test (known as the fitter's eye test); the hearing and Morse tests (given with an audiometer); the assembling test (in which the recruit is given so many minutes in which to put together the disassembled ingredients of common articles, like a bicycle bell, electric-light switch, bell-push); vocabulary tests, such as finding a word which is synonymous with a third word with a different meaning (for example, finding an adjective which has the same meaning as beloved and expensive); there is an agility test; a test of mechanical knowledge; and a mathematical test which goes up to cosines. In all, these tests take nearly five hours to complete, though, of course, they are not all done at one time.

Then comes an interview with a member of the Selection Personnel team. In the course of this interview, the recruit is asked a number of direct questions about his private life as a civilian. These questions involve his trade, family, military ambitions, and the like. The Personnel Selection officer considers the results that the recruit has achieved in his various tests, adds his own personal view on the man's military outlook and capabilities in war, sends these off to a special department of the War Office and, five weeks later, receives the official decision as to what branch of the Army the recruit will best be suited.

The principle is first class. In at least 90 per cent. of cases it prevents the square peg going into the round hole; but the human element is not completely catered for. First of all, because of the tremendous amount of office work involved, these Personnel Selection interviews have to take place at the earliest possible moment after the arrival of the recruit into the Army. Inevitably, the recruit suffers from two distinct handicaps—he is still feeling the effects of his inoculation, and he is still sufficiently dazed by Army life to be scared at an interview with a comparatively senior officer. In consequence, he is unlikely to do himself justice. In addition, the Personnel Selection officer is likely to get into the habit of asking leading questions to which the reply is "yes" or "no."

It must be pointed out that the P.S.O.'s primary duty consists of probing the recruit's suitability for one of the many jobs in the Service, and incidentally, his innate belligerency. To the former problem the recruit's civilian trade often provides an excellent key. But the question of his innate belligerency—known as combatant temperament—is another matter. There have been cases, rare ones admittedly, where a man who is regarded by the P.S.O. as having little, if any, combatant temperament, proceeds to win the local boxing tournament. And it must be a matter of regret that these interviews, which involve the whole future of the recruit's military career, have to take place before he throws his first live grenade. This very minor test of courage and self-possession sometimes produces startling results.

So much for the Selection Personnel team. A very recent visit to a Primary Centre suggests to me that the inclusion of A.B.C.A. (Army Bureau of Current Affairs) is a trifle premature. After all, in a few weeks the man from civilian life (less than 30 per cent. have been in the Home Guard) has to learn arms drill, squad drill, a modicum of field-craft, gas, personal hygiene, the rifle, the Bren, and the 36-grenade, quite apart from saluting, guard mounting, and the other primary essentials of a soldier. Surely, in view of the intensive nature of this short training, A.B.C.A. could be withheld until the recruit has moved a step further to his Infantry Training Centre or Corps Training Centre? It must be confessed, however, that, as I heard them, the A.B.C.A. lectures are first class. So is the food, and so are the quarters.

At the P.T.C. which I happened to visit there were a number of omnibus drivers, some of whom I interviewed. It was perfectly apparent to me that they had arrived in a somewhat defiant mood, ready to find fault. This they were literally unable to do. For the first time since they earned a living they were having regular meals, any amount of fresh air, and a really healthy life, free from all petrol fumes. Some had gained weight. Some had lost weight. In each case it was the over-fat man who had lost weight and the skinny man who had put on weight. (It reminded me of Dr. Dengler's Sanatorium at Baden Baden, which rich men and women patronised for a fee of £30 or £40 a week.)

The Army is undoubtedly much more human than it was in the last war. Physical training, for example, is graded nicely according to the age and category of the individual recruit. If it comes to that, this is equally true of the whole of the few weeks' training of the recruit who comes to the Primary Training Centre. As far as is possible, each intake is divided into platoons of men of the same age and physical category—and where possible, the same trade. In this way, agile youngsters of nineteen cannot give the laugh to married men of thirty-four to forty.

Officer says in his welcoming address, is put under a microscope and—to change the metaphor—is not, in the aggregate, one of a mere series of cod-fish heads.

At this particular Centre, outstanding men are given a red armlet and become Section Leaders, while a really outstanding man is temporarily given an unpaid lance-corporal's stripe, though he has to take this down as soon as he leaves the Primary Training Centre.

To revert to P.T., it is extraordinary how unathletic so many recruits can be. I have seen youngsters of nineteen totally incapable of doing the simplest somersault. Dozens of men in the over-thirties are incapable of jumping over a rope held 2 ft. from the ground. Many of them, clearly, have never jumped even off a kerb in the whole of their lives. I repeat, however, that P.T. is graded very carefully according to the age and category of each recruit.

Perhaps the most interesting spectacle I witnessed was the parade at which these recruits were informed only a week before their departure as to the unit (though not the location) to which they were being directed by the War Office. In seven cases out of ten a man's own idea of the sort of job he wanted to do, having been backed by the recommendation of the P.S.O., had been accepted. In other words, a recruit who wished to serve as a blacksmith, a platelayer or a steelwork erector, found that he was going to the Royal Engineers. Sometimes a man who had hoped to go to his family regiment was directed to another Infantry regiment; a dental mechanic who thought there should be a niche for him in the Army Dental Corps had his wish translated into fact; a Soho cook found himself transferred to the Army Catering Corps; and a mental nurse found himself in the R.A.M.C.

But it was all rather like the Old Bran Tub for the remaining 30 per cent. A recruit who had hoped for R.E.M.E. would find himself directed to the South Wales Borderers. Another who had a fancy for the R.A.O.C. would find himself in the R.A. (Heavy Ack-Ack).

But, after all, these were all directed men. They had survived the first three years of the war in their civilian status, and it is scarcely reasonable that they should all have their own pet wishes granted to them.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO SANDHURST, where they saw Cadets undergoing physical training tests, witnessed a parade of Churchill and other tanks and inspected tank crews. Sandhurst is now used by the Royal Armoured Corps as an O.C.T.U. for tank officers. The King took the salute at the March-Past during the Passing-Out Ceremony of Officer Cadets, which concluded with the traditional slow March-Past into the College with the Adjutant riding his white charger up the steps into the portico

The non-commissioned officers, coming from every regiment in the British Army, including the Foot Guards, definitely do not bully the men. The officers, also coming from every regiment in the British Army, are presumably selected for their tact and patience as well as for their efficiency. I say this confidently, after having spent three days in the Officers' Mess of this Primary Training Centre, and after having had, therefore, every opportunity of contacting them.

These officers have an exceedingly busy time. In addition to their normal duties, they are continually engaged on duties of which the average Battalion officer has little experience. They have to handle peculiar types, such as a Cypriot who arrived with his umbrella and refused to be parted from it: like the conscientious objector who refused to draw his rifle and bayonet and, having been finally persuaded to do so, suddenly attacked the sergeant in charge of the parade.

All kinds of queer fish come into the net of the Primary Training Centre. I saw a coloured private from Sierra Leone who had served with the Foreign Legion, been captured by the Germans in North Africa, released, and now called up into the Army. (he opted for the Army Dental Corps!); coloured night-club proprietors; men who have served their full period with the Colours, followed by their five years in the Reserve; Anglo-Persians—all kinds of unexpected types, find themselves in a Primary Training Centre. Each man, as the Commanding

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

Out of a batch of twenty cases passed for admission in one day, fourteen were those where the father was dead, and in the majority of cases due to war service or accident. Please support this worthy 100-year-old Society. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE ROYAL FAMILY: Some New Photographs

THE KING INSPECTS THE HOME GUARD, and is greatly interested in their new "Spigot" mortar, details of which have just been released

Members of the Home Guard are now using this new weapon during their training and manœuvres: by its means a large bomb can be projected for a considerable distance. The gun has some revolutionary features, one of which is that the "shell" goes round, instead of inside, the barrel. Although apparently unwieldy, the "Spigot" is very mobile and can be erected, loaded and fired within a minute. Its rate of fire is easily fifteen rounds a minute. It was demonstrated during the recent celebrations of the Third Anniversary of the founding of the Home Guard in Hyde Park

QUEEN MARY IN THE WEST COUNTRY, where she has been staying since the opening of the war, and where she celebrated her seventy-sixth birthday last week. With her in this picture is the Duchess of Gloucester

A DELIGHTFULLY INFORMAL PICTURE of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester during their recent visit to the West Country. The Duke is in corduroys and wheeling a perambulator in which is the young Prince William Henry Andrew Frederick. The Duchess is in tweeds and wears a handkerchief over her head—a style which she often affects

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

"NO Place for Mr. Creevey."—In his *Books and Characters*, in a little note on Thomas Creevey, remarkable for its inaccuracy and partiality, Mr. Strachey referred to Creevey's death about the time of Queen Victoria's accession, and ended with these words: "The piece was over; the curtain had gone down; and on the new stage that was preparing for very different characters, and with a very different style of decoration, there would be no place for Mr. Creevey." It is notorious that Strachey's pretty manner for ever dazzles the eye of criticism of his matter. Not only was his (quoted) tailpiece quite untrue, but the whole article on Creevey was sown with errors of fact. Creevey was much more considerable than an imp of gossip, a placeman or a professional country-house guest. He was a very shrewd politician, a party fighter who inspired respect in his own and the enemy's ranks, and a type of M.P. who was quite commonly observed seventy years after his death. In so far as he was a political and social gossip, his mantle was still being worn and used long after he died. By Greville until 1865, by such men as Algernon West and George Russell until the twentieth century and, in a narrower field, by such "diner-out diarists" as Colonel Repington right into the First World War.

In so far as he was a placeman, place-hunting was popular and successfully carried on well into our own day; while the party hack was still earning, and receiving, his *quid pro quo* in the years between wars, and the social shark was getting his gudgeon. There is some colour for the charge of hypocrisy which is sometimes levelled at the British nation. We love to toy with the idea of "turning over a new page." We like to draw, in theory, a double line under each reign and after every war, and promise ourselves and the world a new order with a new era. But in fact we do not really believe in these new chapters, and there is abundant evidence that we have hitherto not seriously wanted them. We thunder out against the abuses of the past, against privilege and outworn traditions, against oligarchy and capitalism, but in our hearts we retain more than a sneaking pride in all these manifestations of an illogical system of democracy.

Hypocrisy?—The loudest thunderers against privilege in the Press still draw much of their public and their revenues from featuring the fashions and foibles and pastimes of privilege, and condemn capitalism with a very shrewd capitalistic mentality. And it is certainly true that we have viewed with a very indulgent eye the lively technique of Mr. Creevey's successors, even until the present day and hour. The party hack still gets at last his baronetcy. The faithful henchman of the man in power still is found an inconspicuous portfolio in the Government or on the staff. The peerage is still partly recruited by men who have shrewdly employed the fruits of capitalism. Indeed, in all our vaunted boasts of true democracy, there is no more glaring absurdity, denial and inconsistency than in our repeated failures to reform the second chamber. It is abundantly clear that the nation as a whole, loud as it may growl at privilege, has still a rooted affection for class barriers and titles worn not for merit. A stroke of the pen could have reversed the Wensleydale peerage precedent and for ever outlaw the anomaly of sowing society with what Byron called "little Honourable Misters" every time a recruit is given to the second chamber; but still, as of old, courtesy titles and hereditary peerages continue to be broadcast over the land and still "these names make news." Still, as in Creevey's day, the birthday of a totally obscure "Honourable" is deemed front-page news even in a sober and responsible daily journal.

The professional diner-out may find his wings clipped *pro tem.* in these austerity days, but his wings will sprout again, and no amount of news-print austerity seems to restrict the activities of the gossip-writer whose dividends to-day are far more assured and fatter than ever they were in Creevey's day; and as his rewards have waxed, the authority and responsibility of his information have notoriously slumped.

Greville was accurate, impartial and judicial. Creevey was much more often right than wrong. George Russell and Algernon West were highly respectable and responsible scribes, who knew what they wrote about. The big money in this keyhole line has come to the clumsiest and least responsible liars or rumour-mongers; mere touts peering at the 'ooves of the 'osses and patently improvising on ignorance and narrow imagination.

We like it so. Hitherto, at least, we have wished it to be so. Now, we are assured, we are neatly ruling another double line, authorising the beginning of a clean page and a new era. The doubt which besets me is this: is it in human nature to switch on virtue and purity, or even democracy, with a turn of a tap, at will? Is no preparation, no novitiate, required for new eras and for radical reformations, even those which envisage only equality of opportunity and a scaling-up of the lowest standards of living, without reference to a return to the Christian virtues? If such preparation and practice are required, there is still all too much evidence, documented every day in the great bulk of the Press, that they have not seriously begun yet.

A National Sport?—The trawl-net which is to sweep our national lake clean of all the coarse fish and the cannibals and the greedy preyers on society is not yet very small-meshed. And at the time of writing there appears to be no very clear promise of a large-scale cleansing. We take a curious pride in the muddy bottom of our pond, and in it there will still be feeding-ground (and pickings) for "Mr. Creevey." The privileged pike among whose ranks he grew fat battened on all the small fry, and the small fry (being typically British fauna) still to this day have a sneaking admiration for the predatory genius of their "oppressors" and live in hopes that one day, if they survive to grow bigger themselves, they too may share in the sport.

For a sport it is. Practising educationists at their conferences, bishops and clergy in their pulpits, statesmen and social workers from platforms, even in the stress of war, constantly warn us as a nation that our standards of honesty are neither high nor rising. One or two of late have gone so far as to declare (apropos to the inculcation of religion and morality in schools) that a boy who has acquired some panache of honesty in dealing with his fellow-men must throw his panache in the ditch and "forget it," if he is to compete on equal terms with his fellow-man in business. That is going far too far, I am sure; but it is significant as a sweeping generalisation. I am often struck by the strict honesty of the average man. But in the main his conception of honesty is not broad. There are degrees and exceptions in his code. If within the bare confines of safety, for example, he can diddle the State, the State is fair and legitimate game. And the railway companies, the electricity and gas utility companies, may be fair game also. And in business, while cheating is deplorable, it is not necessary to resist picking a feather from a foolish pigeon that invites such attentions, nor to point out an underclaim to a tax inspector.

A sport it undoubtedly is, and widely so regarded in English social life:

"Thou shalt not kill but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive."

The principle of keeping just within the law, and no more, embraces the other commandments and is definitely regarded as adequate morality and a fine, national sport. And those who have not yet attained the happy roost of the bird of prey live in hopes and genuinely approve the shrewdness of those who perch on that roost and grow fat on it.

There is still a place and pickings for the pike in our somewhat muddy national pond.

CHERRY-WOOD PIPES FROM KENT: The Hops county has always supplied the Services with beer: now it is providing the pipes to go with the beer! Mr. Charles Norman, aged seventy-two, of High Halden, used to make cherry-wood pipes for himself: the general shortage inspired him to use the excellent wood from the Kentish cherry orchards in a bigger way for Service men. Here he is seen at work: he has a home-made lathe, and turns and fits and polishes the wood himself

A DEALER IN "SPELLS AND CHARMS": Mr Arthur Booth is a seventy-year-old blacksmith living at Great Burdon, Durham. When not shoeing horses, he makes "lucky horseshoes" for the R.A.F. Letters come to him from all over the country, testifying to the life-saving properties of the lucky charms he forges: mothers write for them frequently for their sons and daughters going overseas

A CRUISER LAUNCHED ON THE SERPENTINE: This 40-foot cabin cruiser is for the protection of bathers in the Hyde Park Lido—a somewhat novel sight! It is expected that this year swimming in the Serpentine will become an important feature of the Holidays at Home programme

ITEMS of the WAR by SEA and by AIR

A GIRL DANCER WHO IS NOW BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN TECHNICAL FLYING OBSERVER: Miss Hilary Bowman, of Waterloo, Liverpool, who was at school in Llanfairfechan, North Wales, when the war began, and had completed her training to teach ballet dancing. She passed a stiff medical examination a few days ago and has now begun, at a North-West aeroplane factory, duties which include flying with a test pilot whenever a plane's instruments need special observation. She is the first woman in the country to qualify for this job. Her first flight was made in a four-engined bomber

MISS HILARY BOWMAN WITH THE FAMOUS TEST PILOT with whom she made her first flight, about to enter the bomber

THE SUCCESSFUL DEMONSTRATION OF A FIREPROOF LIFEBOAT: Desperate hazards have been faced by the crews of merchantmen when their vessels have been torpedoed and turned into roaring furnaces at sea. At a recent demonstration another step forward in safeguarding the lives of these men was shown. The lifeboat seen above weathered intense heat and smoke from oil spread on the waters of a testing tank and set on fire. Note the canopy of asbestos-treated material with which the boat has been covered

THE MEN WHO WAGE WAR IN THE NAVY'S M.T.B.'S: Sea warfare around Britain is waged most nights by our Motor Torpedo Boats and Motor Gun Boats, which frequently penetrate right into enemy waters. Many Nazi ships, hugging the Occupied coast, have fallen victims in these daring exploits. The crews take things easy in the daytime; they are "briefed" before starting out at night in much the same way as air crews before a raid. Their nightly activities may not be known so much as their brothers' of the R.A.F., but the results are equally vital to our war effort

TESTS MADE BY BOYS CONTRIBUTE TO THE SAVING OF TORPEDOED SEAMEN'S LIVES: Sixteen boys who are training to become merchant seamen on the North Wales coast have been carrying out extensive tests under shipwrecked conditions with a fresh-water producer. They have christened it "The Magic Stove," for it turns sea water into drinking water. When the tests have been completed, it is hoped to have one of these installed in every ship's lifeboats. "The Magic Stove" is a distiller which takes up very little space and which will burn almost anything. In this picture sea water is being poured into the apparatus for further supplies of the fresh liquid which some of the boys are already enjoying

HOW GUN TURRETS ARE SALVAGED FROM WRECKED AIRCRAFT AND REPAIRED FOR FURTHER USE: When an aircraft's gun turret is damaged in air combat or in a crash—sometimes seemingly beyond repair—the wrecked structure is taken to a depot for overhaul. Here the turrets are stripped and repaired (wherever possible), and many are soon back in another aircraft ready for further service. The turrets seen in this picture are from bombers. Women as well as men are engaged on this reclamation job

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A SELECTION FOR THE SERIOUS-MINDED

The Friendship of Keats and Severn; The Nazis on Land and Sea; Twelve Religious Plays by Dorothy Sayers; Past and Present Lives and Loves

THERE was once a man, an artist, who, while still very young, accompanied a dying friend abroad and tended him through all the rigours of a voyage in an early nineteenth-century sailing-ship, and through all the last months of financial and physical anxiety. For this the man gave up his personal prospects, his slender store of money and even his own expectation of health. His own life was dedicated to his friend, and he knew the perfect humility of service. The man was Joseph Severn, and his dying friend was John Keats.

AGAINST OBLIVION (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is a spirited and yet sympathetic biography of Severn, by the Countess of Birkenhead, in which the author has not attempted to re-create the figures of Keats and Severn, but has taken for granted that the reader will know all Keats's history, and something of his relationship to the faithful Severn. The reader is paid the compliment of that knowledge and is left to put in his own emphases. At the same time, although it is evident that Lady Birkenhead has a profound reverence for the genius of the poet and an equally lively appreciation for the loyal qualities of the artist, she shows an excellent and rare restraint in presenting them.

LORD HALIFAX WITH HIS BADLY WOUNDED SON IN WASHINGTON: Lieut. Richard Wood has been staying with his father, the British Ambassador and was present at the Embassy during Mr. Churchill's visit. He lost both his legs whilst serving with the Eighth Army in North Africa as the result of a Stuka dive-bombing attack: he would have lost his life had not the bomb proved to be a dud

For instance, there is no attempt at a critical evaluation of Keats's poetry. Keats the man, in so far as he could be judged distinct from the poet, has the place of importance. We are expected to recognise and appreciate the difference between one of England's greatest poets and a man with a pleasing artistic talent. From then on, as it were, we are on our own. The writer only proceeds to a history of that part of Keats's life in which Severn was so intimately concerned, and a fresh and entertaining account of Severn's life after the death of "poor Keats."

In its own calm and companionable way this book will help to perpetuate the memory of a man who was able to combine great gaiety of temperament with a complete integrity.

THE MOUNTAINS WAIT (Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a well-told and moving story of the invasion and occupation of Norway as it appeared to a young man who was at that time Mayor of Narvik. Mr. Theodor Broch writes his story, and Norway's, without any literary pretensions, and makes a very fine job of it. It will—I think inevitably—be compared with Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, but this is a clear example of a case where not even the most inspired fiction can top the truth. Mr. Broch's is the better book, whether for facts or drama.

He first came to the little town of Narvik as a very young married man, a lawyer hoping to establish a good, small practice. The first part of the book is concerned with the details of his own settling down, with the criss-cross of municipal affairs and with the development of the town itself.

In contrast to the calmness and slowness of this opening, comes the account of the German landings, and their stupidity and cruelty is shown in still another light, as it succeeds all the patient, constructive work that had been put into the making of the little town.

The people of Narvik would not accept Nazi "protection." Many were arrested; many escaped. There was continuous fighting by isolated units of the Norwegian Army. Worst of all, there were no communications. When the English shelled the fjord they were greeted with enthusiasm, but after their recall the defence of Norway was left to the guerillas and to the growing underground movement. Broch himself finally escaped to America, where his wife and child joined him, and where he found other units of the Norwegian fighting forces. The book ends with his return to England to join up with his brother Norwegians, and to fight for the liberation of their country. Just because there are no heroics about all this, it is a book you cannot afford to miss.

Miss Dorothy L. Sayers has written twelve short plays which have been heard over the air, and which deal with twelve main events in the life of Christ. Now, published in book form, THE MAN BORN TO BE KING (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) gives one a chance of appreciating the continuity of design of these pieces, components of a dignified whole. In her very full explanatory introduction, Miss Sayers writes that her technique has been "to keep the ancient setting, and to give the modern equivalent of the contemporary speech and manners. . . . The general effect aimed at has been rather that of a Renaissance painting, where figures in their modern habits mingle familiarly with others whose dress and behaviour are sufficiently orientalised to give a flavour of the time and place and conform with the requirements of the story.

"I am a writer and I know my trade; and I say that this story is a very great story indeed, and deserves to be taken seriously. I say, further (and here I know what I am saying and mean exactly what I say), that in these days it is seldom taken seriously."

In spite of the clarity of her intentions, I understand that Miss Sayers met with a good deal of stubborn and organised resistance to the idea that these plays should be produced or ever listened to.

THE GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE IN THE NEWARK BY-ELECTION, Mr. Sidney Shephard, M.C., painted by Frank O. Salisbury, R.A.: Mr. Shephard fought throughout the last war, saved his pay and gratuity, and then started a one-man business with £1,000. He had soon made a fortune, and was Joint-Master of the South Notts Foxhounds from 1932 to 1939: he is known to be a first-class sportsman, and the owner of the well-known deer forest at Inchnadamph

Two facts emerge which seem to me indisputable. These plays have been constructed—and I use the word advisedly for such an exacting technique—with a full appreciation of the dramatic potentialities of the story of Jesus Christ; and they have been approached with a reverence that has lost nothing from being allied to stagecraft.

Mr. George Slocombe has taken faded, but still dimly glowing, strands from the past and more brilliant threads from present history, and woven them into a rather uneven tapestry in his new novel. A young American girl married to an English painter and living with him in Paris, finds her existence unsatisfactory and her human ambitions unfulfilled. She escapes, through her dreams, to the early seventeenth century, in which period she becomes the young Princess Charlotte de Montmorency, beloved of the ageing Henri de Navarre.

The lives of twentieth-century Lotta and seventeenth-century Charlotte are parallel with the single important exception of rank. Lotta lives as a well-brought-up New England girl on the Left Bank, and Charlotte's existence is rigidly circumscribed by Court etiquette, but both girls have a pretty thin time. One thing that they have in common, apart from a very transitory and personal interest in painting and verse-writing, is their utter preoccupation with the business of love. They exist to love and be loved; they depend entirely for their happiness on men, and their consequent unhappiness is a measure of their dependence

KING HAAKON OF NORWAY at a recent special showing of the "Edge of Darkness," a film made by Warner Brothers of Norway's struggle against the Nazis. With King Haakon is Mr. Max Milder, Managing Director of Warner Brothers in England

In ESCAPE INTO THE PAST (Harrap. 9s. 6d.), Mr. Slocombe tells a story with enough conviction to carry one eagerly along, and back and forth, from chapter to chapter. But one had forgotten, with the stress of wars, that love, by Byron's definition, could be "woman's whole existence."

Symbolically, the jacket of Miss E. M. Delafield's new novel, LATE AND SOON (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.), bears the design of a true lovers' knot. For this is primarily a tale in which true love wins its reward, and the happy ending goes to the two most worthy, if not the two most attractive, characters.

The scene is an old and decaying country house in the West of England, in the winter of 1942. But, although the house and its associations have a certain importance in the development of the story, this is chiefly a comedy and a near-tragedy of manners. The heroine is one of those exasperating, ex-pretty women with a tendency to catch the fringe of her shawl in outlying furniture. Her daughters, who have the most tenuous relationship with her, are, in one case, beautiful and tough, and, in the other case, chubby and with all a puppy's resilience and objective view.

Severally, they disapprove their mother's reactions to the love of a colonel billetee, although these are simple and direct to the point of *naïveté*. The book's interest lies in the emotions and reactions of the three women, each so different, and to the complications which their own personalities bring to what is essentially a simple love-story.

Nobody handles this light, almost trivial, aspect of the English scene more deftly than Miss Delafield, although the reader may resent the deliberation with which she has kept clear of any profundities, to which she knows her to be so sensitive.

COMMERCE RAIDERS (Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Keble Chatterton's new and engrossing volume of the exploits of Nazi sea-raiders, those menaces to our shipping and to the supply lines without which this island cannot live. Mr. Chatterton is the best known of all writers on such subjects, and this distinction is his partly because he has a masterly way with the collection of facts, and partly because he recognises the essential drama of the stories that he has to tell, and presents them with, as it were, the boldest lighting.

In the present book, he deals with the career of the *Graf Spee*, and with its notorious end, with the exploits of the *Deutschland*, and the epic of the *Jervis Bay*, and with many other "incidents," as they are tersely and officially known, in this war.

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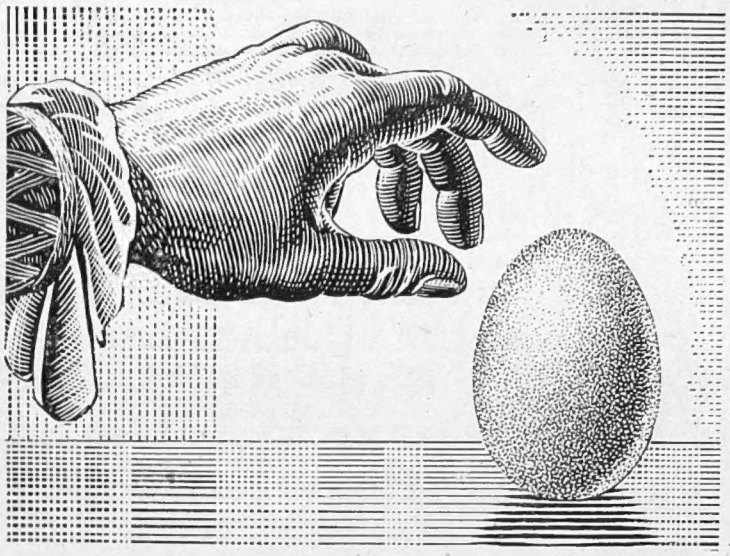

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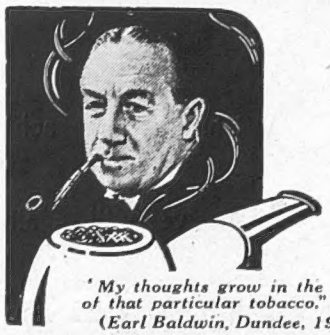

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(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925.)

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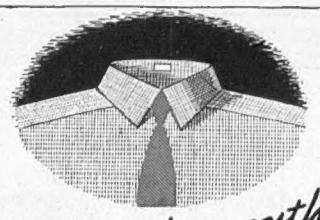

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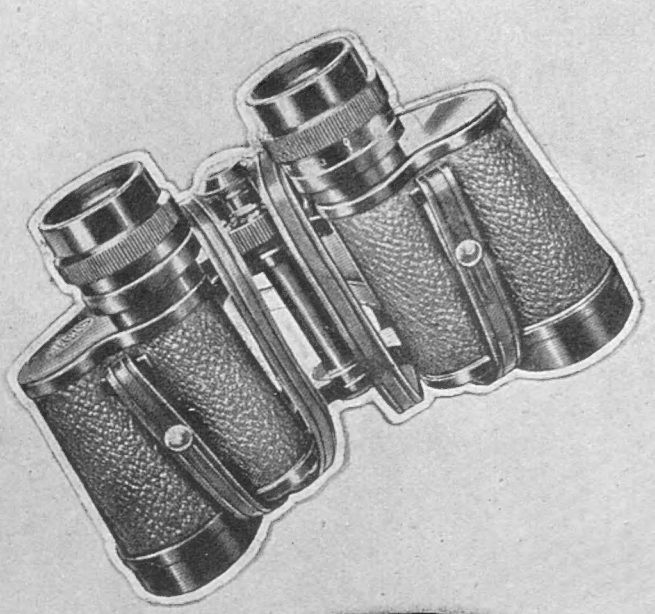

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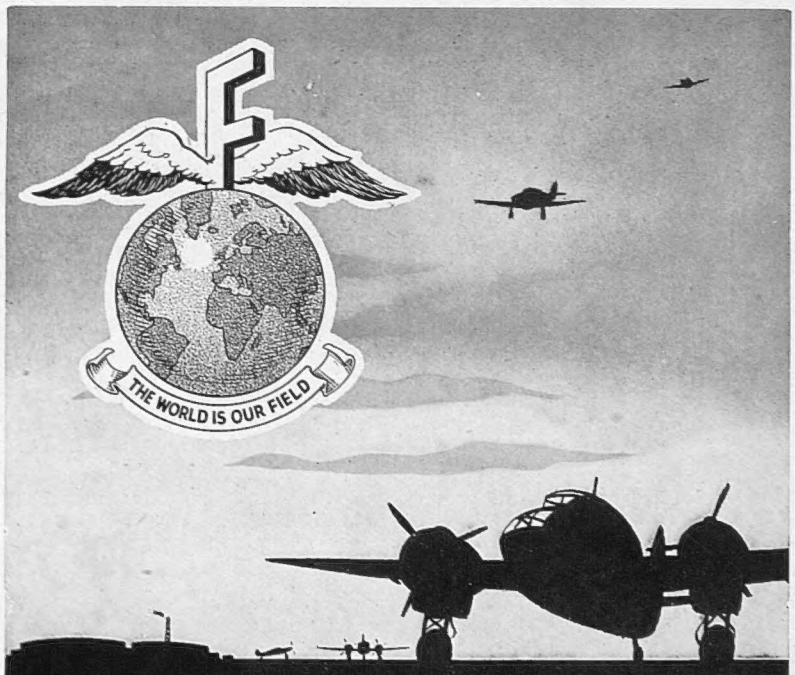

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